

Fatal Friendship.
A
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the
NEW-THEATRE
IN

Little-Lincolns-Inn-Fields.

LONDON,

Printed for Francis Saunders at the *Blue-Anchor* in the
Lower-Walk of the *New-Exchange*, 1698.

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TO HER
Royal Highness
THE
PRINCESS.

MADAM,

MY happy success in one bold Attempt, not only encourages but forces me to a much greater, aspiring to lay this Trifle at your Royal Highness's Feet; when a Woman appears in the World under any distinguishing Character, she must expect to be the mark of ill Nature, but most one who seems desirous to recommend her self by what the other Sex think their peculiar Prerogative. This, Madam, makes me fly to the Protection of so great a Princess, though I am sensible so high an Honour must raise me many more Enemies, making me indeed worthy of Envy, which I am but too well secur'd from in my self (though an undertaking so few of my Sex, have ventur'd at, may draw some Malice on me) but 'tis my happiness that the thing which will most reasonably make me the object of Enmity, will be my safety against the effects of it. What insolence dare injure one they find in your Royal Presence, and under your Illustrious Patronage?

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Nor need your Highness disdain to look Favourably down upon this humble Present ; though I have hitherto seem'd to offer it only for my own security, I may say it in some measure merits your regard, though the performance much unworthy of it, its End is the most noble, to discourage Vice, and recommend a firm unshaken Virtue ; that must receive your Royal Highnesses Approbation, since 'tis the same Great design as that of your own Admirable Life, but with what disadvantage imitated ! how must I Blush for the Copy when I cast my Eyes upon such an Excellent Original !

But here permit me, Madam, to decline attempting your Encomium, as a mark both of the most profound respect, and highest Admiration, best express'd by an awful silence, which confesses you above all Praise ; but were it possible for some Nobler Pen to reach the height of your Perfections, the Work wou'd be Superfluous, since they need not ev'n the Lustre of your Rank to make 'em conspicuous to the World, or to engage Mankind in your Service ; nor be offended, most Illustrious Princess, if I say, 'tis they more even than your Royal Birth, make me Ambitious with all Submissive Duty, to be allowed the Title of

Your Royal Highness's

Most humbly devoted,

Most Obedient Servant.

Catharine Trotter.

TO THE
AUTHOR,
ON HER

Tragedy, call'd Fatal Friendship.

Great Sappho, with some few that shar'd her Glory,
Kept the bright Character they had in Story,
With doubted right ; till after-ages came ;
By fair examples to assert their Fame :
As when the tribute of our praise we give,
They by your worth to endless Fame Survive :
Nor can I silently my thoughts delay,
The joys too exquisite, and will have way ;
Tho' greatest Beauties, less in praise appear,
'Tis hard, to see, be charm'd, and not cry out she's Fair :
Your Play with an exalted Genius shines,
And charming numbers every thought refines ;
But sure thy mind was meant the Court of Love,
Soft as the joys that yielding Virgins move ;
There every Grace does to thy Pen repair,
Firing the Brave, melting the rigid Fair ;
Nor less in Honour's School hast thou been read,
Thy Men with equal Steps, the tract of glory tread ;
As when some Master-Hand a Cupid draws,
With pointed Arrow in a Lovers cause ;
On th' other side a Mars with manly grace,
Expressing right and Victory in his Face ;

The

The sporting Fair who now despis'd his art,
Feels from the shadow a resistless dart ;
And He-----
Who for inglorious ease could Fame forego,
Rouz'd at the sight starts forward to the Foe :
Nor does thy rules for Life alone excel,
You've taught the harder task of dying well ;
Safe from the gingling folly of our time,
Whose Heroes die in simile and rhyme
'Tis thus you may support the sinking Stage,
Thus learn the Scriblers that infect this Age ;
To Mourn how Nature stinted their poor lot
And leave for humbler arts their Plays and Plot :
Let Congreve, Granville, and the few who yet,
Support the credit of our Poets Wit ;
With you the Empire of the Stage maintain,
Nor suffer Fools so oft t' usurp your reign ;
Then perfect Plays would perfect joys inspire,
Touch to the Soul, and waken dead desire :
Deny each chatt'ring Ape his fancy'd part,
And teach us to revere your Sacred Art.

P. Harman.

TO

To my much Esteemed Friend

On her P L A Y call'd

FATAL-FRIENDSHIP.

Wish what Concern I sat and heard your Play,
None else can Judge, but such a Friend sure may.
The Indian Mother cou'd not feel more pain,
Whose Newborn Babe's thrown headlong in the Main,
To prove him lawfull: at whose welcome Rise
(Her fears dispers'd) Joy gushes at her Eyes.
Were I but Judge enough I'd do thee Right,
Though yet much more, I want Poetick flight,
And 'twere his folly to repeat a new
Who light a Taper the bright Sun to shew,
Shou'd I attempt your Praise, but as a Friend,
't Express my thoughts, is all that I Intend.
Your fable's clear, no rule you have transgress'd,
Chast all your thoughts, yet Nature still express'd,
Your numbers flow, as if the Muses all
Consulted nothing, but their Rise, and fall,
Your Characters are just, and with such art
Your Passions rais'd, they gain th' unwary heart,
And what you feign, effectually Create,
Who was unmov'd, at sad Felicia's Fate?
Scarce cou'd the stubbornest deny their Tears,
All felt your Heroes miseries, as theirs,
But as a faithful Friend, he touch'd me most;
By life's most noble, best of blessings, lost;
O Heaven, this my fondest wish Decree!
Our mutual Friendship, may ne'er Fatal be.

T O

TO THE
AUTHOR
OF
FATAL-FRIENDSHIP.

THE fam'd Orinda's, and Astrea's Lays,
With never dying Wit, blest Charles's Days,
And we suppos'd Wit cou'd no higher rise,
Till you succeeding, Tear from them the Prize,
More Just Applause is yours who check the Rage,
Of Reigning Vice, that has debauch'd the Stage, }
And dare shew Vertue in a vicious Age;
With Eager wishing Eyes the Day we sought,
When to its first Design the Drama might be brought,
Now an unusual Charm our Hearts has seiz'd,
For we at once both profit, and are pleas'd;
And you may boast, that by your skillful Pland,
You've done what Senates did in Vain Command :
For such Examples bear a mighty sway,
Since none in vicious Paths will chuse to stray, }
When Wit, and Beauty Join to lead in Virtues way.

TO

To the Ingenious

AUTHOR,

ON HER

Tragedy, call'd *Fatal Friendship*.

Sent by an Unknown Hand.

AS when Camilla once, a Warlike Dame
 In bloody Battles won immortal Fame;
 Forsook her Female Arts, and chose to bear
 The pondrous Shield, and beave the massy Spear,
 Superiour to her Sex; so swift she flew
 Around the Field, and such vast Numbers slew,
 That Friends and Foes alike surpriz'd behold
 The brave Virago desperately Bold,
 And thought her Pallas in a human Mold.
 Such is our Wonder, matchless Maid! to see
 The Tragick Laurel thus deserv'd by thee.

Yet greater Praise is yours; Camilla shines
 For ever bright in Virgil's Sacred Lines,
 You in your own; — where to the World's last Date
 You shall survive, and Triumph over Fate;
 Nor need you to anothers Bounty owe
 For what your self can on your self bestow.

So Monarchs in full Health were wont to rear
 At their own charge, their future Sepulchre.
 Who thy Perfections fully wou'd commend
 Must think how others do their Hours mispend,
 In Trifling Visits, Pride, Impertinence
 Dress, Dancing, and Discourse quite void of Sence.
 To twirl a Fan, to please some foolish Beau,
 And sing an empty Song the most they know,
 In Body weak, more Impotent of mind —
 Thus some have represented Woman-kind;
 But you your Sexes Champion are come forth
 To fight their Quarrel, and assert their Worth.

Our Salique Law of Wit you have destroy'd ;
Establish'd Female Claim, and Triumph'd o'er our Pride ;
While We look on, and with repining Eyes
Behold you bearing off so rich a Prize,
Spight of Ill-Nature we're compell'd t' approve
Such dazzling Worth, and spight of Envy love.
Nor is this all th' applause that is your Due ;
You stand the first of Stage-Reformers too.
No Vicious Stains pollute your moral Scene ;
Chast are your Thoughts, and your Expression clean.
Strains such as yours the strictest Test will bear : }
Sing boldly then ! nor busy Censure fear ; }
Your Virgin Voice offends no Virgin Ear. }
Proceed, in Tragick Numbers to disclose
Strange Turns of Fate, and unexpected Woes !
Reward and punish ; awfully dispence
Heav'n's Judgments, and declare a Providence !
Nor let the Comick Muse your Labours share ;
'Tis Meanness after this the Sock to wear.
Tho' that too merit Praise, 'tis nobler Toil
T' extort a Tear, than to provoke a Smile.
What Hand that can design a History
Wou'd Copy Low-Land Boors at Snick a Sneer ?
Accept this Tribute Madam ! and excuse
The hasty Raptures of a Stranger-Muse.

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

Written by M^r Harman, and spoke by M^r Bowen.

Your Servant Sirs,

Conscious of many favours from the Town,
And that he poorly pays who does but own,
I'm come to save each of you half a Crown.
(Our Author truly would invite your stay,
And if you will be all such Fools you may,
There's some are wiser, and will walk away.
For I who have heard the tale within can tell yee
A worse disaster never yet befel yee;
A Critick yonder has been stating Rules,
To gain the Wise, and scorn the Herd of Fools;
To which 'twas said, one Friend wou'd raise ten Foes,
And that's too dear as common Friendship goes;
Success with both is found no human task;
Who please the Boxes will affront the Mask;
To Charm, and to instruct's too great a trouble,
'Tis hard for Pegasus to carry double.
I argu'd much to entertain the Fools,
They are the Poets and the Players Tools.
Are sown so thick o'er Gallery, Box, and Pit,
Can give success without the help of Wit;
For one Grimace more savour will dispence,
Than for whole Scenes that boast of stricter sence;
Ev'n I by help of Band and cropt disguise,
Can reach your hearts as Love does through your Eyes;
Well the Fools Coat, the Fools defect supplies.
But still Poetick Fate attends the Muse,
This thriving Council did our Fool refuse,
She'd please no Crambo Critick, with dull Chime,
Preferring sense, ev'n to engaging Rhime;
Nor little Lord who still affects to be
Learn'd in the knacks of visiting Gallantry.
With scraps of Scandal, and Pert Repartee.
On ruin bent I left her to her Fate,
And stole to warn you for what treat you sat.
If to the Wits alone our Plays are Writ,
And Authors will allow so few have Wit,
Why should they grumble at an Empty Pit.
Since I have been thus frankly dealing now,
But one request for my dear sake allow.
With Crowded Benches we shall grace our Play,
If each who thinks himself a Wit will stay.

To the side Boxes.

THE

The Persons Represented.

M E N.

Count Roquelaure.
Gramont, His younger Son.
Castalio, Gramont's Friend.
Bellgard, Brother to Felicia.
Bernardo, a Neopolitan, an }
Officer under Castalio. }

Mr. Kynaston.
Mr. Betterton.
Mr. Verbruggen.
Mr. Thurmond.
Mr. Arnold.

W O M E N.

Lamira, A young Widow.
Felicia, Privately married to Gramont.
Marian, Woman to Lamira.
A Soldier, and Servants.

Mrs. Barry.
Mrs. Bracegirdle.
Mrs. Martin.

THE

THE Fatal Friendship.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Bellgard and Felicia.

Bell. **F**elicia, You are young, and full of hopes,
Unknown how the World will disappoint 'em,
But I have seen such strange-unlook'd for Chances,
Such fatal blasts to blooming expectations,
As teaches me judiciously to fear,
And cautiously advise; Can I remember
Our Noble Family in dazzling Splendors,
As Rich, as Ancient, made the mark of Envy,
Now (by an Enemies successful Faction
Maliciously unjust) without regard,
Reduc'd so low, that I (the only left,
To keep our name from falling with our Fortune)
Have but sufficient means, with thrifty care,
Just to preserve you, and your infant Sisters,
From asking help at charitable Hands,
Can I consider this,
And not use all a Brothers interest in you
To move you to imbrace a happy offer,
To place you sure in that exalted rank
Which both by Birth, and Merit is your due.

Feli. You have so dear an interest in my Heart,
That tho' you had not all Authority,
Yet ever where I cou'd Controul my self,
You still shou'd govern me; but oh my Brother,
There is a strong reluctance in my Soul,
Which to my self deny's me my consent,
For this unequal match.

B

Bell.

The Fatal Friendship.

Bell. 'Tis true the Count *Roquelaure* has not the Charms of Youth,
But then consider he's without their faults;
I've weigh'd it for you with a Brothers Love,
and find the youthful ballance far the lighter;
Marriage requires a steady, ripen'd vertue,
Judgement to chuse, solidity to fix,
Prudence to govern, all by experience perfected.

Feli. 'Tis not the Counts grave years makes me abhor the Match,
But some more secret cause, yet to my self unknown,

Bell. Sister I fear you know the cause too well,
He's Father to *Gramont*; Ha? that conscious blush
Confesses I have guess'd it,

A shameful Witness of your Childish passion;
Is it not time throw away the Toy's
You cry'd for when a Girl?

Fel. Forgive me an involuntary fault,
Love took possession of my infant Heart,
Grew up with me a dear, familiar Guest,
And now refuses to remove his Seat.

Bell. Reason must dispossess him.

Fel. Cou'd reason tell me I had plac'd my Love

On a vile Object; half the work were done,

But you have own'd he merits all your friendship,

Nay, 'twas your fondness for him, first rais'd mine;

And all that can be offer'd now against him,

Amounts to this, that he's a younger Brother;

Whose fortune is injurious to his Worth.

Bell. Cou'd yours repair the wrong his fortune does him;

I wou'd with joy bestow you to your wishes,

But am too fond, too tender of you both,

To give consent that you shou'd Starve together;

For shame *Felicia*, let not passion sway you

Thus to your ruine,

I have till now giv'n way to all your folly,

In hopes that time, and absence wou'd destroy it.

Nor ever press'd you to a second choice

These full two years since first I knew your Loves,

And made *Gramont*, forbear to visit you,

But must no longer thus indulge your weakness.

Fel. If for two years I have forbore to see him,

Is not that sacrifice sufficient from a Sister?

Must I be made the next to one I hate?

You cannot be so cruel, do but defer it,

Who know's the turns of fortune?

You have seen you say a fatal one in ours,

Why may not those who now are at the lowest,

By some more happy chance, be rais'd as high?

Bell.

The Fatal Friendship.

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Bell. There's not a ground to hope for young *Gramont*;
He meant to raise his fortune as a Soldier,
And might have reach'd the Noblest height in War,
Had not that fatal quarrel, in which he kill'd
The Generals only Son, soon stop'd his Progress,
In whose revengeful Father, he will find
An Enemy, as powerful at Court,
As in the Army.

Fel. 'Twas well he 'scap'd with Life.

Bell. For the security of the Survivor,
They wou'd not fight in *France* ;
And yet the General at his return
By Arbitrary Law, condemn'd, and wou'd have shot him,
Had not his Noble Friend the brave *Castilio*
Charg'd on his guard, freed him and kept the fight
Till he escap'd in safety.

Fel. For which may he or never need, or always find a Friend.

[*Aside.*

Bell. You see the desperate State of his affairs,
Therefore be Wise, and Tempt not your ill Fate ;
Either resolve to marry Count *Roquelauve* ;
Or share a beggars Fortune with his Son.

Fel. Why wou'd you force me to a wretched choice ?
You have been hitherto a Parent to me,
How am I grown so burthenome a charge ;
That you wou'd cast me from you, tho' to ruine ?

Bell. I wou'd prevent your ruine and my own ;
And if you'd have me still a Parent to you,
I shall expect th' obedience of a Daughter,
Or else by Heav'n, I'll turn you to your Lover.

[*Exit Bellgard.*

Fel. Then I must Perish with him ; Alas my Brother
Thou little think'st to what thou dost perswade me ;
My Husbands Father ? O my Barbarous Stars !
For sure Love cou'd not shoot so cross a Dart :
What's to be done ? shou'd I confess our Marriage ?
O no his fiery Temper cou'd not brook it !
And how wou'd my *Gramont's* harsh Father use him.
Oh he is sent by Heav'n to my relief !
My dear *Gramont* !

[*Enter Gramont.*

Gra. My dearest Wife, what sadness hangs upon thee ?
Am I not welcome to those weeping Eyes ?

Fel. More than the light ; but they have cause to weep
For you, and me, and for our helpless infant ;
My Brother has been pleading for your Father,
Threatens if I refuse to Marry him,
To throw me as a stranger from his Care.

Gra. My poor *Felicia*, what thou bearest for me ?
How shall I recompence thy suffering virtue ?

The Fatal Friendship

O what a line of woes I fix'd thee to

When Hymen drew the knot!

Fel. Do you repent that knot?

Gra. By Heav'n, my Love, I cannot.

Fel. Then I am happy.

Gra. Nothing is so that's plac'd within my fate,

A Wretch but born to scatter Miseries,

On all whom Love brings near enough to reach 'em.

Fel. Have you receiv'd no News yet of our Child?

Gra. None for this full three Weeks, which much concerns me;

But I have sent a Messenger express

To learn its health, who will return this day.

Fel. Heav'n guard the tender Babe.

Gra. Oh my Heart bleeds for that dear part of me,

Now I am Loff to all my hopes of Fortune,

Precariously depending on my Father,

How may it be expos'd to wants, and Cares,

Farewel, my Dear, I must not stay with thee,

To morrow we will give some hours to Love,

Where shall I see you?

Fel. Here if you please, my Brother will be early out.

Gra. I will not fail.

Fel. Let it be early then you bring me joy,

And I have need of it.

Gra. Impatient wishes

Eager as in our first soft stealths of Love;

Will keep me waking till the Long'd for hour.

Fel. But how my dearest durst you venture now?

Gra. I met your Brother going to *Lamira's*;

And took the advantage just to steal a Look,

And beg the dear appointment for to morrow,

He expects me there, where he imagines I design

To make Addresses, being a Young, Rich, Widow,

But thou art all the Treasure I can covet.

Fel. My Life, you'll not forget to morrow Early.

Gra. Can I forget my only Happiness?

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

SCENE the Second, *Lamira's House.*

Enter Bellgard, and Lamira.

Lam. You've counsell'd like that Friend I ever thought you
A Friend both to my Honour, and my Interest.

Bell. Not my own Honour can be dearer to me,
With pain I see your hours of rest disturb'd,

By

By jealous Spies, or crowds of hoping Lovers,
Regardless of your fame, for their own interest.

Lam. O how much happier and to be envied,
Is she, whose humble Fortune enough supplying
Natures wants,
Has not expos'd her to the treacherous Arts,
And false pretences of designing Men.

Bell. The hard conditions by which you possess
So large a Fortune, gives you equal means
To free your self from those designing Lovers.

Lam. For which I have intended to declare
The Secret of my Husbands jealous bounty.

Bell. You've prudently resolv'd, but why, *Lamira*,
Are you regardless of *Castalio's* Vows?
He Loves and seeks you for your self alone,
Nay when I told him you refus'd all offers,
Forfeiting if you wed your best possessions,
With eager Words, and Eyes that sparkl'd joy,
Pressing me in his Arms he said, O Friend,
How much more dear to me wou'd such a sacrifice
Make the ador'd *Lamira*! cou'd I hope
She wou'd for me abandon all her glittering Fortune,
To reward my Love with nobler Treasure,
How wou'd I then improve your Kings regard for me,
How welcome all his Bounty, and his Honours,
To doubly recompence what she can Lose,
And make her great beyond my own Ambition.

Lam. 'Twas generously spoke,
Deserving all esteem, and gratitude,
That as a Debt his merit claims I pay
But 'twere to Tempt ill fate, to strip my self
Of what I now possess secure from hazard,
To run th' uncertain Fortunes of a Stranger,
Depending on the breath of a Kings Favour,
Which should he Lose, he'll n'er return to *Naples*.

Bell. You've urg'd as an Objection, that which most
Shou'd recommend him, where can he be a Stranger?
What Monarch wou'd not cherish such a Subject?
What Nation not be proud to 'dopt a Son so Worthy?
He that to the last of a Large Fortune
Supply'd the Publick wants, whilst there was hopes
To free his Country from th' invading Spaniard;
Then courted by the Conquerour, disdains
All Obligations from his Countries Tyrant;
But banishing himself seeks nobler refuge
In a foreign Court;

The Fatal Friendship.

Still let me speak him, for he's brave in all :
 With what a modest greatness he refus'd
 All Honours which our King prest his accepting,
 But what were in the Army,
 Seeming to scorn the Lazy gifts of Favour,
 As if all glories were below his virtue,
 But what in Arms he forc'd from unbrib'd Fame.

Lam. We have cause to bless the choice, for he is said
 To have done important service in the War.

Bell. The Court have stil'd him *France's* better *Genius*,
 The Soldiers Idolize him, and as Admired,
 He's Lov'd by all, unless the General,
 Who looks with Envy on his rising Fortune.

Lam. A Dangerous Enemy.

Bell. He has indeed with all a Soldiers heart ;
 The Closer Malice of a Subtle Statesman,
 And the Contempt of his Authority.

Castalio shew'd in forcing from the Guards
 His Friend *Gramont*, by him unjustly sentenc'd,
 I fear may rouse his hatred to revenge.

Lam. It was a Godlike Action ; his Friendship
 For *Gramont*, shows he not only knows himself
 To merit, but value it in others.

Bell. The choice his heart here makes is the best proof of that ;
 But let what you admire give softer Thoughts,
 And whisper to your heart, If for *Gramont*
 He cou'd do thus, what wou'd not Love inspire !

Lam. I prize it to its height, but when you'd plead
Castalio's cause with me name not *Gramont*.

Bell. Not name him ! Why is that an Obstacle.

Lam. No matter, nothing, 'twas a half form'd Thought,
 I know not what it meant, you may speak of him.

Bell. Let me by any Argument prevail
 At least to know, if he has leave to hope.

Lam. Then think not that I wrong *Castalio's* worth,
 When I declare, he has not, cannot have
 An interest in my heart, I value him,
 But 'twere unjust to give him hopes of more,
 Love is not in our power.

Bell. Madam, I've done, tho' griev'd at my success,
 Since 'tis in vain, I'll touch this Theme no more.
 You have reason now, deliver'd from the Tyrant
 Your Parents forc'd upon your tender years
 To let your heart direct your second choice.

Lam. O I fear the heedless partial guide,
 Wou'd blindly Lead me on some Fatal ruine.

Bell.

The Fatal Friendship.

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Bell. Unjustly you distrust it, tell me whither
Where wou'd it direct you?

And I may better judge how faithfully.

Lam. Perhaps I have not ventur'd to consult it,

'Tis safest not to ask, or hear advice,

When 'tis as pleasing as 'tis dangerous.

Bell. True, if we can avoid it;

But Inclination's an Officious Councillour,

That waits not to be ask'd, and will be heard;

Tell me, *Lamira*, what has yours been saying?

Lam. Nothing.

Bell. Is this your Friendship? (for I wou'd not plead

Our Kindred Bloud but a more near Alliance)

Is this your boasted truth, and trust in me?

Lam. I wou'd not hide from you,

But what I wou'd conceal from my own heart.

Let me, *Bellgard*, yet O I fear, I fear,

It speaks too much, and loud, not to be heard;

And plain enough for you to understand.

Bell. If I have leave to guess, I think I cou'd;

May I interpret what your Eyes have spoke,

And some late words confirm?

Lam. O my shame! in such a fruitful Harvest

Of voluntary growth, untoid'd for hearts,

T've cast my own upon a barren soil

That yields me no return.

Bell. You know not that, *Gramont* may love in secret,

Not daring to reveal it, or hope success,

Where he beholds the noblest Offers scorn'd,

Sees mighty Fortunes every day rejected;

Does not his late assiduous Visits, speak

All that a Fortune low as his shou'd dare?

Lam. Suppose it did, what though our hearts were one,

If we must live at an Eternal distance?

Bell. What hinders you to be for ever join'd?

Lam. Are not the Obstacles invincible?

Bell. Is any such to love?

Lam. My Husbands Will;

And yet I cou'd submit to his severity,

Throw all my Titles, and my Treasure from me,

And think *Gramont* too full a recompence;

But then to see him miserably poor,

Wretched for me, my Love cou'd never bear it.

Bell. Generous and tender, all I see that's left

For Friendship now to undertake, or hope,

Is not to cure, but satisfie her love;

There

There may be found away, both to secure
Your happiness, and Fortune.

Lam. How whilst my Husbands Sister lives? you know
I forfeit all to her, upon a second Marriage.

Bell. But if you keep it secret, who shall claim the forfeit?

Lam. How kindly you indulge my fondest wishes,
How Carefully contrive my Happiness;
But Alas, vainly my busy, pleas'd imagination,
Has Leap'd at once o'er all difficulties,
When yet the first, and greatest is unpais'd,
He does not, and perhaps will never love me.

Bell. Not Love you! those Eyes that with their native fires
Scorch'd so many, now Love has added his,
What heart so frozen not to feel their heat!

Gramont. I think will presently be here,
For so he promis'd, will you for a while
Leave us together and permit me sound his Thoughts?

Lam. What court him for me!

Bell. You have not us'd to doubt
The safety of your honour in my hands.

Mar. Here's a Gentleman without to wait upon your Ladiship.

Lam. Admit him. It 'tis Gramont,
I am too much disorder'd yet to see him,
Make my Excuse, and, my best Friend, remember
I trust you with the nicest, dearest parts of me,
My Love, and Honour.

Bell. Both shall be my care;
Her satisfaction chiefly I regard,
But since she's resolute against *Castalio*,
This New design which way so e'er I view it,
Gives me a pleasing prospect; Gramont I love,
And for his interest wish it; next for *Felicia's*,
Her little rest of hopes eluded thus,
May turn her Thoughts on Search of certainties,
And make *Roquelaure* appear a happy refuge.

Enter Gramont.

Gra. Alone *Bellgard*, where's the fair *Lamira*?

Bell. Some small affairs detain her for the present,
She'll not be long.

Gra. 'Tis pity she shou'd bear the weight of business,
Her youth, and charms, wou'd fit more soft Employments.

Bell. That youth, and Charms will well reward the Man
Who frees her from that weight; what think you of it?
Cou'd you not bear the Toil, for such a Prize?

Gra. Nothing wou'd seem a Toil, or difficult,
To one that cou'd have hopes of gaining it.

Bell. Prethee attempt it.

Fatal Friendship.

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Gra. What vanity can make me hope success,
When those who much excell me every way,
In merit as in fortune, yet are slighted?
I cou'd have no pretence for such presumption.

Bell. Your noble Birth forbids that Imputation,
'And the Alliance of so great a Family
As yours, may well be coveted;
Lamira values you, and such Esteem,
When Love, and youth like yours together plead,
Is quickly rais'd to passion and desire.

Gra. If so, why are those more deserving Lovers,
Who have with youth, charms that I want, refus'd?

Bell. You know my interest in her, perhaps the Friendship
I've express'd for you, may've turn'd the balance,
Where merit was but equal, how e'er it be,
Not one of those who long have Languish'd for her,
Does she receive with half that Complaisance,
Or speak of in such Terms of Admiration,
As I have heard her when your name was mentioned.

Gra. She fears to give encouragement to her adorers,
Shou'd I commence the Lover, like them I should be us'd.

Bell. Is it a Prize of such low Consequence,
Not worth the hazarding of a refusal?
Unless your faith already is bestowed,
Let me engage you to it, on our Friendship.

Gra. My faith! I must not leave him that suspicion.
There needs not sure so dear a Conjunction,
To make me aim at what all *France* contests for,
An ample fortune, with so bright a Beauty.

Enter Lamira.

Lam. My blushes own me guilty of a rudeness,
Tho', Sir, I hope my Cousin has excus'd me.

Bell. I'll leave you now to make your own Apology.

Gra. We have been lamenting, Madam, that so long
You have Condemn'd your self to bear alone
The painful load of Business.

Lam. I had rather much sustain that load for ever,
Than seeking ease only to change my Burthen
For a much worse, and Heavier?

Gra. Among the many wou'd be proud to bear it,
Can you not find out one, on whom to throw it
Upon easier Terms, or may I ask,
Why you who can dispose of thousand hearts,
Let all alike be wretched?

Lam. Had high ambition been my darling passion
I had been tempted to exalt my fate,
But my own honours bound my largest wishes,

C

[*Aside.*

[*Exit Bell.*

And

The Fatal Friendship.

And fortune has not been a niggard to me ;
Therefore all pleas, but merit, unconsider'd,
My heart bestows me freely on the Man
Whom it shall speak most Worthy.

Gra. What vain presumer dare pretend, or think
To merit such a wonder ? this resolution known,
What forward lover wou'd not cease his suit,
In just despair of ever gaining it ?

Lam. Either you flatter me, or are too modest ;
Whither was I going ? I have observ'd
The most deserving ever most distrustful
Of their own worth, which if it be a fault ;
It is the only I've remarked in you,
But all that diffidence, and modesty,
Speak louder for you, than the Boasts of others.

Gra. Then it must speak, for you have silenc'd me ;
Hence forward I shall only dare to wish,
That you were less divine, or I more worthy.

Lam. You're worthy all that you can dare to ask.

Gra. I ne'er shall dare to ask, a Prize too noble
For any mortal aim.

Lam. So cold !

Or its the Character of awful Love ?
If so, my words were kind, and plain enough
To chase away his fears ;
'Tis now too late, that humble way to move,
Respect is rudeness, when we offer love.

[Exit Bowing.]

[Exit Lam.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Roquelaure's House.

Enter Bellgard, and a Servant of the Counts.

Serv. **B**E pleas'd to stay here, Sir,
My Lord will wait upon you instantly ;

Bell. You have told him I am here.

Serv. I did, and hear him coming.

[Exit Serv.]

Enter Roquelaure.

Roq. You're welcome, my *Bellgard*, the only Man
That can give comfort to my tortur'd Heart.

Bell. None can be prouder, or more joy'd to serve you.

Count. I'm just return'd from visiting your Sister,
Whom I have seen in such a graceful Sorrow,

'As heightn'd all her Charms, and my desire
More than it mov'd my pity.

Bell. And how my Lord
Has she receiv'd the honour you design her?

Count. With such aversion as she'd meet her fate;
At first I found her in a solemn sadness,
Her Eyes all Languishing, fix'd on the ground,
But rous'd at my approach, the flowing blood,
Flush'd to her Cheeks, yet soon again forsook 'em;
Thus pale, and trembling, we met alike disorder'd,
Tho' with such different passions, hate in her
Produc'd the same effect as Love in me.

Bell. Hate, my Lord,
Can you suspect her of so great injustice?

Count. What else can make her so inexorable?
Upon her knees she fell, and grasping mine,
She weeping beg'd me to desist my suit,
With such engaging Action, and words so moving,
As whilst they made me wish I cou'd obey her,
Depriv'd me of the power.

Bell. Stubborn Girl.

Count. Finding me more enflam'd, and still persisting,
She said I might expose her to your anger,
And all the ruine you had lately threatn'd,
But there was such an Obstacle in nature,
As never wou'd permit her to be mine.

Bell. So positive, my Lord, I'll make her find
There's not an Obstacle but I can vanquish.

Count. I fear her early kindness for my Son,
Which we too long neglected,
Tho' they seem parted now, their rooted loves
May join, and still produce fresh springing hopes.

Bell. Then we must strive to blast 'em; I cou'd wish
Gramont were married to yours, and his own liking;
What think you of *Lamira* for a Daughter?

Count. So well, I must not think of it.

Bell. My Lord, I've a relations interest in her,
And more that of a Friend, on which relying,
I have propos'd it to her, and may tell you
She much Esteems your Son, and would be proud
Of your alliance, which if desir'd by you,
I know she'll not refuse.

Count. 'Tis generously offer'd, and here he comes
To join with me in thanks. Your looks are sad,
My Son, is there a cause?

Gra. There is, my Lord, if I have any sense
Of honour, Gratitude, or Friendship; *Castalie*

[Enter *Gramont*.]

Is this day brought here, a prisoner to the Castle,
Where he is kept in chains, as he were guilty
Of some flagitious action.

Count. For what is he so us'd?

Gra. For me, you know, my Lord,
He sav'd my life, with hazard of his own,
For which the General Committed him,
And representing to the absent King
The case as he thought fit, next had him fin'd,
Three thousand Crowns, and keeps him thus secur'd
Till 'tis discharg'd.

Bell. Some such mean vengeance,
I apprehended from his barbarous nature.

Gra. *Castalio* of a generous Soul,
Knowing no use of Wealth but to bestow
On others wants, scarce mindful of his own,
I know must needs be unprepar'd for this.
Tho his great services, and merit plead,
Malice in power will be heard against 'em,
And his reward be there to Starve neglected.

Count. Honour forbid.

Gra. Honour, justice, gratitude, and Friendship,
All forbid, yet I th' unhappy cause
Look on, and suffer it, unable to assist him.

Count. He must, he shall be aided, and by you,
For whom he suffers all.

Gra. O my honour'd Father, more than Father now,
'Tis more than Life you have given, like that unask'd,
Restor'd a Friend to me, preserv'd my honour,
How shall I pay my thanks.

Count. To save you that be all the Act your own.

Gra. Wou'd heav'n but give the power.

Count. Give it your self, and lose not time in wishing,
A Friend, and Father, point you out the way,
You know, *Lamira*.

Gra. Ha! what of her, my Lord?

Count. She may be yours.

Gra. Mine, my Lord.

Bell. One thing 'tis fit you know e'er you determine;
Her deceas'd husband, by nature jealous, and severe,
Left the considerablest part of her Estate,
Conditional that she remain unmarried,
The terms to one so young, unreasonable,
And unjust, therefore I think 'em not in honour
Obligatory, only to keep the Marriage secret
Whilst her Sister lives, to whom she forfeits,
If so you can approve it.

Gra.

Gra. Far be it from me, t' expose *Lamira*
To such a hazard of her ruine ;
'Twill be impossible to keep it secret.

Bell. Her long refusal of the greatest matches,
Has rais'd in many different Conjectures ;
All which to end, she'll suddenly declare
The true conditions of her husbands will,
That will prevent all prying, or suspicions
Of her Marriage.

Count. Especially to him, a younger Brother
Will ne'er be thought an Object for her choice,
And prudence must direct the management
Of future accidents, that may occur.

Bell. My Lord, I'll leave you to consult together.

[Exit Bell.]

Count. You seem not much to relish this proposal ;
Could you expect a match so advantageous ?

Gra. Marriage, my Lord, I hold a sacred bond,
Which shou'd be made for nobler ends than interest ;
Hearts shou'd first be join'd.

Count. And who deserves your Heart more than *Lamira* ?

Gra. It is not merit only gives us love,
Else every heart wou'd take the same impression,
But each we see receives a different Image,
As it were fitted for that stamp alone ;
Hers is perhaps of too refin'd a nature
To strike this grosser mold, I cannot mend it,
And hope you will not press a monstrous Union
Of things by nature not agreeing.

Count. By heav'n a meer rebellious Sprit moves thee
To this refusal, had it not been offer'd,
Thy own desires wou'd have prevented us.

Gra. Can I so far forget my filial duty ?
My Lord, I honour you, and your Commands
Equal almost to heav'n's ; but you have told me,
A state so lasting shou'd be well consider'd
E'er resolv'd on, and that Marriage bonds
Were of too pond'rous weight, for youth to bear.

Count. Are you still a Boy ? I have consider'd for you,
Your part is to obey.

Gra. I have yet too large a Stock of coming years,
To be laid out upon one hasty purchase.

Count. Go satisfy your Friend thus, tell him the last
Of that fine fanstied stock, shall be laid out
For his relief.

Gra. O *Castalio* !

Count. You Love him well indeed ingrateful wretch,
Insensible of every benefit,

What

What an indulgent Father have I been ?
 When thy Extravagance had left thee Friendless,
 Persu'd by many, by the rest abandon'd,
 I took thee to my bosom, shelter'd thee
 Even from Royal anger ; us'd all my interest
 With vast expence to gain thy pardon,
 And this day, resolv'd to pay th' exacted sum
 For which 'twas granted, but ungracious Boy,
 I'll not so dearly buy thy Liberty,
 Till thou can'st find a better way to use it,
 Than disobeying me.

Gra. I know I don't deserve it, give me up
 To Death, to Banishment, or Slavery,
 I'll own your Justice, but let not poor *Castalio*
 Suffer for my fault ;
 His Freedom will not cost you half so dear,
 Nor he be so ingrateful.

Count. Impudent request ! what Friendship do I owe him,
 For sending me such a rebellious Son ?

You may go to him,
 And rot for me together in a Dungeon ;
 Hence from my House, and till thou art obedient,
 By heav'n if thou wert Starving at my gates,
 I'd send thee no relief ; the first I do,
 May it become to both eternal ruin.
 Now foolish Boy, go seek a better fortune.

[*Exit Count.*

Gra. Cast from the field, the Court, and my own Father,
 Where shou'd I fly ! to poor *Felicia's* Arms,
 She's kind, and will be fond to share my misery ;
 Alas too soon she must, thus she'll be us'd,
 For so her Brother threatn'd ; cruel thought !
 Must I behold that tender part of me,
 expos'd to all th' extreamities of want,
 My helpless Infant asking food in vain ;
 O fate ! O heav'n ! you cannot mean it ;
 They're innocent, how, how have we deserv'd your anger ?
 If there be a Guilt it must be mine.

Why then ye Powers,
 Must she be involv'd in my unhappiness ?
 O you are just, and cannot suffer it,
 Thus prostrate I implore, O spare her heav'n,
 Wreck, Wreck on me your vengeance ; but she is part of me,
 And so must share it :
 O let me fly from thought, or from the World,
 E'er this impetuous ruine over whelm
 My sinking reason. O I shall grow mad !

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *A Prison.*

Castalio solus

Cas. No, proud insulting *Spain*, not ev'n thus
Can I repent my leaving Conquer'd *Naples* ;
Thy Pageant freedom, and precarious honours,
Were heavier baser slavery than these chains ;
And I am less asham'd of them, tho' here,
Perhaps the Object of *Lamira's* scorn.
Ha ! what of that ? by heav'n I cannot form
One thought for Glory, since I knew that Woman,
But still 'tis mix'd with Love, with passion stain'd.
And makes the best, and bravest of my Actions,
But glittering frailties ; ——— she's strangely Charming,
Well is't not enough to think her so ?

Or say I wish her mine ?

But why thus fix my Soul upon a Woman ?

Why these tumultuous ravings, hopes, and fears ?

Gramont ! I blush as if I thought he saw my heart,

Asham'd to own my self for what I am ;

Stifling my passion may extinguish it.

No more of this. ——— My Friend, this welcome sight

Makes all my wrongs, and pains insensible,

That thou art free, and safe, is to *Castalio*,

Easie and Liberty.

Gra. Dearer than either, how do I enjoy 'em,

Whilst purchas'd at the sad expence of yours !

How can I look upon a Friend thus ruin'd,

By saving me at his extreamest peril,

Whilst I but Mourn for him, with aidless pity ?

Cas. No my *Gramont* ;

'Tis not for freeing thee that I am thus,

Occasions had been found, tho' this not giv'n

T' exert the Generals malice ; but do not grieve,

His Triumph is but short, I shall be free.

Gra. You hide a truth you fear t' afflict me with,

I know that publick Spirit, which at *Naples*

Made you in favour of the common interest

Neglect your own, has mov'd you here as nobly,

Your frequent bounties to the murmuring Soldiers,

Must have disabled you for the discharge

Of such a sum.

[*Enter Gramont.*]

Cas.

Cas. I cou'd no less than give to your Kings Service,
What he so frankly had bestowed on me;
And being just upon the point of Battle,
'Twas then the only way to quell the Mutiny;
But can I doubt to find him grateful now,
Whose generosity when undeserv'd
I have so far experienc'd?

I every hour expect *Bernardo's* coming,
And doubt not but he brings me Liberty;
That faithful follower of my fortunes hearing
The General had left the Camp, and order'd
My removal hither, hastned to Court,
That he might there in Person answer ought
Alleg'd against me, in Confidence the King
When well inform'd of the injustice done me,
Will soon command my freedom.

Gra. You'll find you have a subtle Enemy,
Tho' in his hate bare fac'd, close in revenge,
Which having fail'd when against me directed,
I fear will now be bent with surer aim,
And fall with double force on you.

Cas. He shou'd indeed have made my ruine sure,
Or not have dar'd so much.

Gra. What can his motive be of sending you from th' army?

Cas. He durst not in his absence trust me to
The Soldiers love, which he had found when present,
Scarce his Authority cou'd balance; that chiefly,
But in part he serves his malice, pleas'd
Whilst he can to make me bear the hardships,
And inconvenience of a common Prison;
He has intended me the vilest usage,
Alotting me a dark and noisome dungeon,
Tho' I'm by stealth allowed the freedom of this Air.
Bernardo return'd already; what News from Court?

[Enter *Bernardo*.

Bern. That you have been too honest.

Cas. I shan't repent it.

Bern. By Heav'n, I had rather seen you led in Triumph
A Slave to *Spain*, they might have show'd you
As an Enemy, but had not call'd you Traytor.

Cas. Ha! but thou talk'st with rage, speak to my understanding.

Bern. My Lord your pardon, 'tis my hearty Love,
Makes me forget all method, and respect,
I've been at Court, where sure no honest Man
Can keep his Temper.

Cas. Why, what reception found you there?

Bern. Such as they'd give a man the Plague had seiz'd;
All shun'd me as I pass'd, and those in office,

When

When I desir'd admittance to the presence,
Wou'd not know me.

Cas. Deny'd to see the King !

Barn. I wou'd not be denied.

Cas. Be brief to your success with him.

Barn. He ask'd me coldly if I came to speak
In your Defence ; I said I hop'd 'twas needless
To defend an Act which all brave Men,
And Friends to justice, must admire.

Cas. What did the King return ?

Barn. He own'd *Gramont* had been unjustly Sentenc'd,
And therefore had his pardon ;
But 'twas of ill example to oppose
In such a hostile way a Generals orders,
And might encourage others if your fine
Shou'd be remitted ; I urg'd your Services,
And lastly, that you had not ask'd for favour,
But that to keep his Soldiers in their duty
Who mutiny'd for pay, you had strip'd your self
Of what might now discharge you ; he said you'd been
Too zealous in his Service, so abruptly left me.

Cas. By Heav'n I think he's in the right, if zeal
Be thus rewarded.

Barn. My Lord, the King's abus'd,
The treacherous General has found a Spring
That will supply his malice whilst you have any virtues,
He makes 'em all appear as Arts put on
T' ingratiate with the Soldiers, on design
To serve the *Spanish* interest.

Cas. How, tax'd with Treason ! the basest too,
Made blacker by th' ingratitude ; he dares not say it,
Nor wou'd the King believe it.

Barn. Somewhat that way his last words seem t' import,
But what I further learn'd was from an officer
That honours you, and whom the General trusts ;
A correspondence held with *Spain* is talk'd of,
With hints of proofs to be produc'd against you.

Cas. Impossible, my words, my heart, and Actions,
Have been open, there's such unartful plainness
In my nature, as cannot be suspected.

Gra. There's no security against such malice
As makes your highest virtues seem your Crimes ;
And Prince's ever in jealousy of power,
Give easy credit to reports of danger.

Barn. Doubtless he will not fail of Evidence
To back his accusation ; in short my Lord,
Unless you know, or find some speedy way

To free your self, and face your base detractors,
I wou'd not answer for your Life.

Gra. O Fate!

All this t' oppresses a wretch already loaded,
Ruine on ruine heap'd!

Is't not enough to have determin'd mine,
But I must pull all that surround me down,
To crush me in my fall, and with my own,
Bring all the weight of their destruction on me;

It is not to be born? what to be made
Ill fates crust instrument, distributor
Of direst miseries, and bane of virtue!

I am all this, I, I, *Castalio*, am.

The balefull Planet, whose malignant influence
Ruines your fortunes, blasts your spreading Glories,
And all your kinder Stars had purpos'd you defeats.

Cas. You share too much my wrongs, but have not caus'd 'em,
Let your repentment strike where justice bids,
I must not see you rashly loose your passion
Against a Man I love, my only Friend.

Gra. Alas you do not know with how much reason
My passion spoke, nor what a wretch I am,
Abandon'd by my Father, banish'd his House,
And with his Curse if ever I return.

Cas. For ever?

Gra. It must be ever, the only terms
Of my admittance, ne'er can be perform'd.

Cas. 'Tis cruel, what cause can you have given him to proceed
To such extremities?

Gra. You know the dearest secret of my Life,
My long conceal'd, and unsuspected marriage.

Cas. 'Tis then discover'd.

Gra. Not that, nor dare I own it,
My Father loves *Felicia*, not knowing her
My Wife, and has commanded me t' accept
Another, whom Fortune, Birth, and Nature,
Have left without Objection, which my refusing
Has thus irreconcilably incens'd him.

Cas. Your case indeed is hard.

Gra. Yet there is worse behind,
I've not disclos'd the wound that grieves me most,
Not spoke how you're involv'd in my undoing;
My Father was dispos'd in gratitude
For a Sons life and liberty receiv'd,
To have perform'd the Terms of gaining yours,
But thus offended at my disobedience,
Your saving me appears an injury,

Fatal Friendship.

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His hate extends to you, and now he's fix'd
Not to relieve tho' he shou'd see you perish.
Heav'n's shou'd the fate of such a Man,
By which the Worlds might rather be determin'd,
It self be influenc'd by any others?
But why must I be made his destiny?
Yes, yes, trace back through all the windings of your fortune,
And you will find that I alone have been
Your evil Genius, that you have cause to curse
Your Fatal Friendship, the unlucky hour
You sav'd my Life, or that which gave me Birth;
O that it ne'er had been. I want the patience
To support this load of wretched Life,
That growing heavier as it wasts, leaves not,
A hope of ease; tell me *Castalis*, Friend,
Through all this Gloom of endless Miseries,
Is there a dawn of any comfort left me?

Cas. Nor endless, my *Gramont*, nor Comfortless,
No Man can be to that degree unhappy,
That has on any Terms his fortune in his power,
For his rejecting that when virtue bids,
Shews there's a good in her, that wou'd not fix,
Unless it cou'd reward his choice.

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. My Lord, I beg you'll retire to your Chamber,
The Governour will be return'd this minute,
And must not know you have had this Liberty.

Cas. I thank thee, honest Soldier. Farewel my Friend,
Remember Death's the worst we have to fear.
And that whilst we unmov'd preserve our virtue,
Rather to be desir'd.

[*Cas. goes within the Scene, Gra. Advances, a*

Gra. To be desir'd indeed, since vertue here
Is ever thus oppress'd, without relief,
But in its future prospect.

Scene shuts representing the

outside of the Castle.

Manet Gramont.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, I am sent with an unwelcome Message
From my Lord your Father; the time you took,
For payment of your fine being now expir'd,
'Tis rigorously demanded, and by my Lord refus'd;
He says he wou'd advise you so to act
That it may be discharg'd, if not you must
Deliver up your person, for he vows
He never will assist you.

Gra. Tell him I will obey him, this alone were light,
But added to the rest compleats the weight.
What News hast thou? how does my little Son?
Thy looks forebode me ill, if my Child is dead,
Smile when thou tell'st me, for he is happy.

[*Enter another Servant.*

D 2

Serv.

Fatal Friendship.

Serv. Sir, he lives, but in a wretched state;
The place you sent him to being near the Sea,
His Nurse walked often with him on the Shoar,
But most unhappily, some weeks ago
Was by our famous Pirate, seen, and seiz'd,
And with her infant charge carry'd on board.

Gra. O fatal accident! a strang one too;
What can the Villain gain by such a prize?
Methinks it shou'd be more a burthen to him,
Than advantage.

Serv. They say he does it, Sir,
In hopes of a Considerable ransom,
If his young Captives prove of quality;
But if he finds they will not be redeem'd,
He throws 'em to the mercy of the Waves.

Ora. Ha! what pains the fates are at to make a Villain of me?

Must it be so? shall I give up my honour,
To save my self, and all I love from ruine?
No, that's in my own power, the rest in fates,
And spite of fate I'll keep my honesty;
Tho' my best Friend must be for me undone,
In Fame, in Fortune, and perhaps his Life
A Sacrifice to treacherous revenge;
My infant by inhumane Pyrates Murder'd,
The dearest fruit of my Felicia's Love.
My Wife too, O my Wife! she'll be thrown out
To wander through the World, poor, and distress'd,
To curse her fatal love, to curse her Husband,
The wretched source of bitterest miseries,
Who sees her starving, and can give no succour?
I cannot bear the thought, it shall not be;
I'd pluck these Eyes out rather than behold it,
So dear I hold her, I cou'd cut off these limbs
To let her piece meal feed upon my flesh;
I must, I must prevent at any rate
This dismal Scene of misery, and ruine,
Turn Villain, any thing when she's at stake,
My Child too, and my Friend, I cou'd by Heav'n
Suffer a thousand racking death's for each;
And shou'd I Sacrifice 'em all, to keep
A little peace of mind, the pride of never straying?
Walk on by Rules, and calmly let 'em perish,
Rather than tread one step beyond to save 'em?
Forbid it Nature, no, I'll leap o'er all.
Castalio, my suffering Babe, and Lov'd Felicia
See how dear you're to me, how strong my Love,
When it can turn the Scale against my Virtue;

Nay now 'tis plain, not I but fate resolves it,
He's surely sent just at this very point,
To keep me warm, and firm for villainy,
Welcome *Bellgard*, where's *Lamira*? where my Father?
Tell him I will be his, and hers, and yours,
Mold me as you please, but take me quickly,
For now I grow impatient, when shall it be done?

[Enter *Bellgard*.]

Bell. *Gramont*, I love you, and am much rejoic'd
To see you fond of your own happiness,
But yet must wonder at this new impatience.

Gra. I dare not trust delays, they're dangerous,
May hinder, or reveal the fatal secret,
That you know wou'd ruine us;
But let us not confide in our best Friends,
Or near relations, shall we swear to it?
You'll not discover it where you most cou'd trust
Your Sister, or if any one is dearer.

Bell. On my honour, but there needs no Oath,
My Friendship to you both will tie me stricter.
I was just going to my Lord your Father,
Shall I tell him? but we'll go together,
Since you are for dispatch, he best can forward it.

Gra. I'll wait on you, 'tis done, I'm enter'd now,
And to plunge through, must leave all thought behind me,
No happiness I for my self expect,
But wou'd preserve my Friends from ruine;

Let me without a Partner be unfortunate,
'Tis all the privilege, I beg from Fate.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Count Roquelaure, and Lamira.

Lam. 'Tis I my Lord, am honour'd in your choice,
To make me sharer of your noble blood.

Count. We shall esteem our House with greater Cause,
When it can boast of such an Ornament;
But as the happiness is most my Sons,
He best can pay you our acknowledgments,
For what he wanted confidence to ask.

Lam. He seems to want no virtue for perfection,
But a just sense of his exalted worth,

He

Fatal Friendship.

He comes, and now that fortune joins with it,
My heart grows bold, and tells me he has Charms, [Enter Gra; and Bell,
Which it must love, and will not be controul'd.

Count. Bellgard, your fair relation has consented
To all our wishes, tho' beyond our hopes.

Bell. She has oblig'd us all, but you Gramont
Will have the greatest sense, as well as share
Of the good fortune.

Gra. 'Tis so above what I can say, or think,
I could not hope, nor ought to've aim'd at it.

Count. You must not wonder, Madam, if my Son
Is eager to secure a happiness

Which want of merit makes him fear to lose;
He press'd me e'er I came, if I prevail'd,

To beg you'd not delay to Crown his wishes,
Lam. So small a prize, wou'd not be worth the price
Of a long expectation.

Gra. It might reward an Age of expectation.

Count. But happiness can never come too soon;
May not th' account of his, begin to morrow?

Lam. Nay now you are too hasty.

Count. Bellgard, you'll join in intercession with us.

Bell. If but to avoid suspicion, it were best
To use dispatch.

Gra. O Felicia?

Count. Ha? methought he nam'd, Felicia, [Aside
We must not let him cool; since all's agreed,

What hinders that it be to night?

Lam. To night.

Gra. Why not to night? it cannot be too soon,
Since it must be. [Aside.

Lam. Why must our Sex seem shy of what they wish? [Aside.

Bell. Dare you trust your Chaplain with the secret?

Lam. I know none fitter.

Bell. Then all is ready for the Ceremony,
Come Lamira, you shou'd be above

This little affectation, this Maiden Coyness,

Away with it, you must not now deny,

There's no pretence for it.

Lam. You have an absolute command of me,
But methinks this is too sudden.

Count. O the more unexpected the more pleasing.

Bell. I had design'd before an Entertainment
Of Musick here to night, most fortunately

On this occasion,

'Twere

'Twere best to have it in this Antichamber,
Whilst we within conclude the happy Union,
Come *Gramont*, you'll lead your Bride.

Count. Haft, you lose time the night is almost spent.

Lam. How pleas'd we are with importunity,
That makes our own desires seem condescension;
Who pleads a cause like this can never fail,
If not their Arguments, Love will prevail.

[*Exeunt.*]

After a Consort of Musick.

The Scene draws and discovers Gramont, sitting alone.

Gra. It must not be, 'twere base to wrong her so;
Ha base! why what's the part I have already acted?
Am I not now initiated Villain?
'Have I the smallest claim to honour left?
Or can it be possess'd by halves? no,
Indivisible, it like the Soul
Must animate intire, in every part,
But one base Act compleats that Character,
Stamps Villain on the whole, be then a Villain
——Ha? *Felicia*, my love! how cou'd I think it!
How once Imagin it were possible
For one possessing all thy Heav'n of Beauties,
To take another to his loathing arms;
No, in this Shipwrack of my honour, vertue,
I'll save the treasure of my Faith to thee,
'Tis all I have left of good, my Darling store,
And I will hug my self, and pride in that.

Enter Lamira.

Lam. Is it not time, *Gramont*, to think of rest?
The morning breaks upon your nights Devotions.

Gra. Perhaps I have some cares that keep me waking,
With which I wou'd not load your peaceful breast.

Lam. O can you think that I behold you thus,
And keep my peace? thus giv'n up to sadness,
And for untimely thought, neglecting me,
What is it? speak your griefs, what cause so pressing
To allow no respite upon a time like this?
Which for the wretched pair that fate e'er join'd,
Us'd to put on at least a form of joy.

Gra. Mine is indeed a most uncommon cause,
But do not seek to know it.

Lam.

Lam. No, I need not,
Now it speaks it self, you do not love me,
That, that alone could keep you from me thus.

Gra. Suppose th' idea of a suffering Friend,
For me this instant bearing cruel hardships,
Had check'd me from indulgent thoughts of ease,
Wou'd that excuse me to you?
How clasp'd in those soft arms could I be call'd
The Friend, the other half of poor *Castalio*,
Whose fainting limbs, rude circling Irons load.

Lam. I know your Friends misfortune, and his worth,
I know you owe him much,
And will not tax you of too nice a gratitude,
Be such a lover, as you are a Friend;
This cause of sadness shall be soon remov'd
Three thousand Crowns will give *Castalio* freedom,
Which shall be sent him instantly. Within there, *Marian*.

[*She talks aside with Mar.*

Gra. Down, down proud, swelling heart, why shoud'st thou mount
Above my Groveling fate?
Thou, can'st not raise it to thy height, yield then,
Be vile as that.

Lam. Bid him hast, and say *Gramont* has sent him. [To *Mar.* who goes out.
Let him not mention me. Still are you sad? [Advancing.

Gra. I'm but correcting a proud Rebel here,
That wou'd not be oblig'd; I shall have peace
When I have taught it to be as ingrateful,
As I must be.

Lam. To whom.

Gra. Madam, to you.

Lam. Why to me? why must you be ungrateful?
Can you not love me?

Gra. You know not what a Bankrupt you have trusted,
So poor, so ruin'd, that for all he owes you,
The kindest, best return that he can make,
Is thus to shun your Bed.

Lam. Am I then your aversion.

Gra. Believe me, 'tis the highest Mark of value,
That neither your resentment can provoke,
Nor all your Beauties tempt me to abuse you.

Lam. Abuse, is that a Husbands language? how?
What mean you? speak the cause of this behaviour.

Gra. It is not to be told, let it suffice
That as the present circumstances are,
If I shoud take a Husbands Privilege,
The consequence wou'd be to you most fatal;
Ask not the cause, I cannot tell you more.

Lam.

Lam. Say, only say, it is not want of Love,
And I will seek no further.

Gra. Were all the fire of every Heart you have inflam'd,
Raging at once in mine, this were the greatest proof
That I could give you, of true affection.

Lam. O cou'd I be convinc'd of that *Gramont*,
I shou'd not envy the most happy Bride,
I have no thought, no wish beyond your Love,
Make me secure of that and I am blest;
Why art thou thus unmov'd, thou cruel Savage?
Hast thou no Sensibility, no Fire in thy Soul?
Or have not I the Art to blow the Flame?
Instruct me then, if 'tis not yet too late,
If 'tis not kindled at another's Charms;
That was an Injurious Thought, chide it away,
Tell me you cou'd not be so false, so base,
You do not answer!

Nay then, I fear I am abus'd indeed;
Speak quickly, Swear I am not; the very fear's
Distracting, not to be born, Swear you are thus by Nature,
Thus cold, Insensible to all the Sex,
As you are now to me, swear that

And I'll complain no more of your Indifference;
But with submissive Duty, tenderest Care,
And most unweari'd Love, still strive to move
Thy cold, obdurate Heart; is there a Hope to gain it?

Gra. Madam, You set it at too high a rate,
It is not worth your least concern or thought.

Lam. Why, why Inhumane dost thou answer thus;
Regardless of the Doubts that rack my Soul;
O speak; reply to them, e'er they distract me;
'Tis enough, enough thy silence speaks,
The dumb Confession of a guilty Mind;
Ay, there 'tis, thou false, perfidious Man,
'Tis to a Rival I am sacrific'd;
But thinkst thou I will tamely bear my wrongs,
And let her triumph in 'em? Dare not to see her,
For if thou dost, I'll find the Strumpet out;

Confusion! Slighted, for another too;
O how I'll be reveng'd! I'll know this Sorceress;
Make her most infamous;
I'll be your plague, anticipate your Hell.

Gra. Why all this for a bare Imagination?

Lam. Is it no more? Then you may join with me
To curse this Creature of my fancy;
Let all united Mischiefs light upon her,
Diseases make her loathsome to your arms,

The Fatal Marriage.

Deformity, a Horror to your Eyes;
May pinching Wants bring her to Beggery,
And Infamy divert all pity from her.

Gra. O hold! You stab my Soul: If you must curse,
On me let all your Imprecations fall,
For I alone am Guilty.

Lam. Why thus concern'd for one that has no Being,
But in a bare Imagination? Differnbling,
Vilest Wretch; thou thing below my anger;
There have been glorious Villains, that may look
With scorn on thee, disdain thy low ends;
A paltry bait of Fortune, poor Spirited,
Mean Traytor; what Indigent abandon'd Creature
Is this, that hopes to vaunt it in my Spoils,
Yet must be purchased at no less a rate
Than such an insolent Disdain of me?

What are your terms? what she? And what her Charms?
Let's know the State, and reason of this Preference—
Stubborn and Dumb; am I not worth an Answer?

Gra. What, Madam, can I answer to your Rage?

Lam. My wrongs, thy own upbraiding guilt thou canst not answer.
I do not rage, nor is there any rage
For Injuries like this.

All that has had the name of Passion, Fury,
Ev'n to Madness, here is highest Reason;
So basely us'd! a Rival's property!
Unvalu'd, thus despis'd for her, tormenting
What easie Fool didst think thou hast secur'd?
Mistaken Man thou hast rous'd a Woman's Rage;
In spite of all thy hardned Villany,
Thou shalt repent thou dost provoke me thus;
I'll haunt your Steps, and interrupt your Joys;
Fright you with Curses from your Minions arms;
Pursue you with Reproaches, blast her Fame;
I'll be the constant Bane of all your Pleasures,
A jarring, Clamorous, very Wife to thee,
To her a greater Plague, than thou to me.

[Exit Lam.]

Gram. Let my Felicia scape her jealous fury,
And wish whatever force her Vengeance, strike,
It is not worth my fear: She must be yet
Too much transported with her rage to observe me,
I'll take the occasion, and somewhere near Bellgard's
Remain unseen, till I may have admittance
To my Love;
Her Nature's calm, by no rough passions tost,
A Harbour from this Tempest; upon her gentle Bosom

The Fatal Marriage.

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All the Disorders of my Soul will cease,
Or I despair ever to find my Peace.

[Exit.]

SCENE Bellgard's House.

Felicia Solo.

'Tis yet too soon t'expect him, the sprightly Day
Cannot move swift enough for Loves impatience.
Doubtless my kind *Gramont* is wishing too
For the blest Minute, waiting as he's wont,
Like a fond Lover, ready to seize the first
That gives us Liberty: O that dear Man!
Who that were so belov'd, wou'd grudge to bear
More than I suffer for him? That Kind, that faithful
Partner of my Griefs:

Enter Bellgard.

Bell. So Early up Sister.

Feli. I was not much dispos'd for sleep this Morning.

Bell. Perhaps my coming home so late disturb'd you.

Feli. 'Twas late indeed.

Bell. Th'occasion may excuse it.

Feli. Am I to know th'occasion?

Bell. Only a Friends Marriage. 'Twill be fit
To let *Felicia* know *Gramont* is married,
But not to whom; whilst that is unsuspected
The Secret's safe.

[Aside.]

Feli. May I ask what Friend? Or is't a Secret, Brother?

Bell. 'Tis indeed a Secret, Sister; but you
Shou'd know it, if I were sure 'twould not disturb you.

Feli. That I dare promise you;
It is not in the power of any one
To raise the least concern in me that way.

Bell. Then I may safely tell you, (but with charge
Not to reveal it) *Gramont* last Night was marri'd.

Feli. *Gramont*! You jest with me.

Bell. On my faith I'm serious.

Feli. What can he mean? To whom, Brother?

Bell. For that you must excuse me; I've giv'n my Honour
Not to disclose it to my dearest Friend.

Feli. Unless you tell me that, I shall believe
You said it but to try me.

Bell. Were it not a Secret of Importance,
Or if my own, I wou'd not hide it from you;
None but his Father, and my self were trusted,
My Faith, my Honour, Friendship, are engag'd
To keep it with the last Fidelity.

Fel. With what concern he speaks; and yet it cannot be.

Bel. I conjure you, Sister, not to mention this.

Fel. Why such a Secret? But you're not in earnest.

Bel. Why should you doubt, when I affirm it thus

Not from Report, but my own certain knowledge?

My self was present at the Nuptial tye,

A Witness of their Vows.

Fel. If there is faith in Man, this can't be truth;

I fancy, Brother, this is but design'd

To say how I could bear it.

Bel. Those are Women's Arts, I understand 'em not;
Heav'n knows no greater truth than what I've told you.

Fel. Swear by that Heav'n, you're sure *Gramont* is marri'd,
And I will doubt no longer.

Bel. Am I not worth your Credit? Why all this Doubting?
By every name that's good, *Gramont* is marri'd,
I saw him marri'd.

Fel. Wretched Woman!

Bel. How *Felicia*!

Fel. O I must not think it;

He can't be guilty of so base an action.

Bel. What foolish Passion's this?

Fel. And yet my Brother swears it, swears he saw it:

O *Gramont*! Is all my Love and Faith rewarded thus?

Bel. For shame at least conceal your folly;

This Fondness for a Man who cares not for you,
Perhaps scarce thinks of you:

Fel. O, to be so abus'd!

Bel. What said you? So abus'd?

Fel. He has wrong'd me basely.

Bel. Ha! Hast thou not wrong'd thy self, giv'n up
Thy Honour to him?

Fel. O forgive me, Brother——

Bel. Dar'st thou own thy Infamy, yet hope to be forgiv'n?

Fel. I am marri'd.

Bel. No Strumpet, he but serv'd his Lust with thee,

And now has paid thee as thou dost deserve,

Too wise to Marry where he found not Vertue.

Fel. Can you suspect me of a thing so vile!

No, by all Goodness, I am not dishonest;

But by all Lawful Bonds, his real Wife.

Bel. O curse! What do I hear! What have I done!

Base Dog, so to betray, abuse my Friendship;

Whether does all this lead? Where can it end?

'Tis Misery, Dishonour without end,

And I the Instrument of all this Ruine.

Villain, perfidious Villain! Ay, Traitors, weep,

Weep for thy Shame, thy Sin, thy Disobedience,

Rebellious Girl, pollution of my blood.

Fel.

Fel. O I deserve all this, that cou'd deceive
And disobey the best of Brothers.

Bell. You've met a just return of your Ingratitude
To all my Love and tender Care of you.

Fel. I have indeed: I have no Husband now;
And where, alas, where will my little Son
Now find a Father!

Bell. A Son! Is then this curse
Unhappy Marriage of so long a date?

Fel. Two Years I've been his Wife, and brought in secret
A wretched Infant to partake our Sorrows,
And now they are compleated. O my Brother,
Tread me to the Earth;
Double your Anger on me; 'tis but just,
That I may fall a Load of Miseries,
And never, never rise.

Bell. Alas, she moves my Soul — Prichee no more;
Thy Fault was great, but now thy Punishment
Has so exceeded it, I must forgive thee.
Rise, *Felicia*; I am still a Brother;
Wipe off these Tears; thou shalt have Justice done thee;
Trust me thou shalt.

Fel. O you are too good. But my dear Brother,
For whom am I so treacherously abandon'd?

Bell. O that gives double edge to my Repentment!
The other innocent, and more abused,
Shares in our Blood as well as Injuries.
What, did the Villain think our Family
Were Women all, whom he might poorly wrong,
Safe from th'avenging Hand of Manly Justice?

Fel. Is she a Relation? What, *Lamira*?
Now I reflect on it, he spoke last Night
Of some Addresses there.

Bell. Sister, be satisfy'd; my Honour is
Too nearly touch'd to let you be abus'd;
With that compose your self. But poor *Lamira*,
Who can bear this fatal Story to her!
I who have been th'unlucky Instrument,
Dare not speak it, till with the Villain's Blood
I've wash'd off the Dishonour.

Fel. Is this the Joy the long'd-for Morning promis'd!
Are all those tender, charming Ecstasies,
And soft Embraces which my Love expected,
Now giv'n to another! O 'tis death!
This very Minute she holds him in her Arms,
Thinks him all hers; he lies transported too,
With perjur'd Breath gives all my Vows away.

[Exit Bell.]

Can I endure it! O Gramont!

He must be mine: I'll pierce his faithless Heart

With my Upbraidings. O she shall not have him;

I'll tear him from her; I will, I will;

She shall not, must not have him. Ha!

[As she is going out, Lamira

Lam. Why start you? Is there ought in me to fright?

meets her.

Fel. Lamira here!

Lam. Is that so strange? I come to seek your Brother:

The Hour's indeed unusual; but my Business

Will well excuse to him this early Visit.

Fel. Early indeed for Lovers so newly join'd to part.

Lam. Ha, does she know it? (Aside.) What Lovers do you speak of?

Fel. Too well you know; wou'd I had dy'd e're known it:

Why must I live to speak his Infamy!

Faithless and perjur'd, he is still Gramont,

Once so belov'd, so kind, and seeming true.

Lam. Is'then Felicia? She whom Nature meant

A Friend, my Rival, cause of all my Unhappiness:

But how am I betray'd to her!

How this curst Secret known!

If once so kind, who tells you he is false?

Fel. Heav'n wou'd not leave such Baseness undetected;

The sacred Vows he made last Night to you,

Were mine before:

And O how oft in Ecstasies of Love repeated!

How pressing me in his fond Arms, he has sworn

They never shou'd embrace another.

Lam. Too faithful, Villain. (Aside.)

What of this? Suppose he lik'd you once,

Does that oblige him not to mend his Choice?

Is he to blame if you want Charms to fix him?

Fel. Madam, I'll not dispute with you my Charms,

But urge my Right in him; that Plea's sufficient,

Whate'er I am, to make your Loves a Crime.

Lam. Because he swore to you, think you that Men

Remember Oaths in their loose Pleasures made?

What can you hope for from so vain a Plea?

'Tis wife in one who sees her self abandon'd

To mourn in silence: Pursuits, Reproaches, or Complaints,

May lose her Fame, but ne'er retrieve the Lover.

Had you beheld last Night what wondrous Love he shew'd,

You'd be convinc'd his Heart's too deeply fix'd

E'er to be mov'd, and cease your vain lamenting.

Fel. Such wondrous Love! O I know too well

How many tender ways he has to charm,

And make himself believ'd:

But cou'd he be all that for any other,

The Fatal Friendship.

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So soft, so nice, so passionately fond,
So much transported as I've seen the Charmer?

Lam. Poor credulous Creature, when he seem'd so fond,

You shou'd have been less kind to have secur'd him,
Or made him more than swear.

Fel. What means all this?

You speak as if you thought me not his Wife.

Lam. His Wife?

Fel. Why with that Scorn? His Wife, his lawful Wife,
As firmly as the Holy Priest cou'd make me.

Lam. *Felicia*, 'tis too much, if he is false,
He has gone too far to leave you that Pretence,
Nor will it be believ'd.

Fel. I have sufficient Witness, and every legal Proof
Of what I say, But let himself appear,
Let him look on me, and try if he has Courage
To disown his first, his only Wife.

Lam. Then what am I!

If this is truth, is it your part to rail?
Am not I most abus'd, dishonour'd, ruin'd!
But it cannot be. What, by a Priest?
Legally Marry'd, said you?

Fel. Heav'n witness that I am.

But yesterday I saw him too,
All Love, all Tenderness, and full of me,
Sure some curst Arts must have been practic'd on him;
Some Philter he has drank, no other way,
You cou'd have charm'd him from me.

Lam. Are there such Arts?

Indeed the mighty Fondness you so boast of,
May make it out of doubt.

Fel. Alas, my Arts

Have been of little force; for I have lost him:
O have I lost for ever all the Joys
I found in him! The solid Happiness
Of Minds united, must we ne'er again
• With equal Wishes, equal Transports meet?

Lam. Never, never; I henceforth forbid it.

Fel. What Right can you pretend to of forbidding?

Lam. The Right which one that's injur'd has to Vengeance.

Th' ungrateful Traytor that abus'd my Love,
Shall give, nor know no Joy in any other:
Think you I'd patiently behold the Villain
Possessing, and possess'd, by a lov'd Rival?

Fel. Madam, I think you neither have the Right,
Nor Power to hinder it, if we agree.

Lam.

Lam. You dare not; my Wrongs shall rise and check the very Wish,
Strike him with Shame, and you with Jealousie,
That shall prevent, or poison all your Joys
But if thou art so poorly spirited,
T'accept and yield t'adulterated Love,
I'll disappoint your Wishes when their highest,
Fir'd with full Hope, and nearer Expectation,
When all thy eager Senses are at once
Crowding to feast on his delusive Charms,
E're thou can'st taste, I'll stab him in thy Arms.

[*Ex. Lam.*]

Fel. Alas, we ne'er can meet in Joy again:
Nay, now perhaps he means no more to see me:
I wou'd but once, but live to see him once,
Take my last leave of him, and then the World;
For when I'm his no more, I wou'd be nothing.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Scene opens, Felicia alone, Gramont enters to her.

Gram. I Waited long, my Love, to find you free,
And had almost despair'd of seeing you.

Fel. A Sight you cou'd have been most willingly
Dispenc'd from.

Gram. Why dost thou say so? 'Tis unkind; thou know'st
I ever thought the Hours I pass'd with thee,
The happiest of my Life.

Fel. Perhaps you did,
Perhaps you lov'd me once.

Gram. And do not still!

Fel. O *Gramont*, wou'd you had never said you lov'd,
Or I had ne'er believ'd you.

Gram. Not Love! If I have any good in me,
'Tis the sincere Affection which I bear thee:

What means my Dear?

Fel. Have I not been a fond, a faithful Wife?

Gram. Not Malice can deny it.

Fel. Why am I then forsaken for another?

Gram. Forsaken!

Fel. You who a thousand times
Have sworn, our Marriage was the weakest Bond
That held you to me: You to break 'em all.

Gram. Ha!

[*Fel.*]

Fel. Or tho' you had not lov'd me, cou'd you do
So base a thing?

Gram. O don't upbraid me; that thou know'st my Shame,
Is Punishment enough.

Fel. Cou'd you be false to me that doted on you?
Ungrateful Man! How can I live without him!

Gram. Thou break'st my Heart.

Fel. You have broke my Heart, and may I not complain?
Unkind Gramont!

Gram. O turn thy Eyes away,
For their Reproaches sting me to the quick.

Fel. Nay, then I'll fix 'em till your Heart relent
With Pity, for the Miseries you've caus'd:

Look on me, look upon your wretched Wife!

Gram. A Wretch like me shou'd be excluded ever
From the blest Vision! I dare not look on thee.

Fel. Then tell me, if I ever deserv'd your Love,
What have I done to lose it?

Gram. Lose it! If I had not lov'd thee tenderly,
I had not been a Villain.

Fel. For love of me?

Gram. For thee? t' avert the Miseries
Which threaten'd thee, and our unhappy Infant,
I sacrific'd my Honour.

Fel. What Miseries wou'd not I share with you,
Rather than share your self with any other!
I wou'd have starv'd first, or have beg'd you Food,
T'ave kept you mine: But now you are Lamirars,

Gram. I am unworthy to be thine, *Felicia*:
All I can ask thee now, is to forgive me.

Fel. Alas, what's my Forgiveness! My Brother and *Lamira*
Will pursue you: She does not love like me.

Fel. No matter; their Resentment I can bear,
But not *Felicia*'s. See, thy wretched Husband
Kneels at thy Feet, to beg Compassion of thee;
Intreats thee, when he falls beneath his Grievs,
Or by thy Brother's Vengeance, to bestow
Some Pity on him; think, remember still

'Twas love of thee made him unworthy of thee——
But if she can forgive, she must be good;
And then must hate me, too, despite, condemn me. O Curse!
Let me grow here, become one Piece with Earth,
Lost to my self, all Eyes, and all Remembrance.

Fel. O I can't bear to see you thus; O rise!
What wou'd you have me to do for you?

Gram. For me! Use me like what I am, a Dog,
Fit to be spurn'd, kick'd from you like a Curr.

Fel. Don't distract your self.

Gram. What, outlive my Honesty, and not be mad!
Lose thy Esteem, lose my *Felicia's* Heart,
Deserve to lose 'em too, and not be mad!

Fel. O *Gramont*!

If you had lov'd but half so faithfully

As your *Felicia* does, she had not lost you.

Gram. Thou did'st; but now you cannot, must not love me.

Fel. O I never knew till now how much I love you!

Be what you will, or use me how you will,
You've fix'd your self so firmly to my Heart,
I can't divide it from you:

'Tis full; 'tis breaking now with Fears for you.

Gram. Thou dear Example of Fidelity,

What dost thou fear? Come to my Arms, and tell me.

Fel. O fly to mine, and then I can fear nothing;

I'll hold thee here, and Fate shall never reach thee.

Gram. Not if thou lov'st me. O I see thou do'st;

And circled thus, I'm happy once again.

Fel. How have you swore no other e'er shou'd thus embrace you!

Gram. I swear again, none ever did, or shall.

Fel. Tell me not that. Last Night—— think on last Night!

Gram. Base as I was last Night, I cou'd not break that Vow.

Fel. O *Gramont*! do not deceive me more;

Lamira boasts the wondrous Love you shew'd.

Gram. To her? If it were Love not once to touch her,

Or ev'n approach her Bed: — By Heav'n I did it not.

Fel. I will believe you.

Gram. Thou may'st, my Love. I think thou do'st forgive me too.

O let me keep thee then for ever thus!

For whilst I am possess'd of so much Goodness,

I shall believe I'm honest. Am I not, *Felicia*?

No, thou know'st I am not:

Why dost thou touch methen? Fly, fly away,

Or thou art lost; not Innocence can save thee.

Fel. Alas, what mean you?

Gram. 'Tis dangerous to be near me:

If Fate shou'd now be hurling Vengeance on me,

Might it not strike thee too?

Fel. Heav'n avert it ever: I would fain

Hope all may yet be well.

Gram. Well! Canst thou redeem my Honour, clear my Fame?

I shall be pointed at; a noted Villain,

Where can I fly from the reproaching Sight

Of all that once esteem'd me? Or how endure it,

When the very Thought strikes such Confusion?

Better I might have born the worst of Miseries

[Rising.

That

That threatned me; which not the meanest Wretch
That begs, or toils for Bread, but can support,
And does not truck his Honesty for Fortune:
Thou, Coward, durst not. Now how wilt thou bear
The Infamy thy Baseness loads thee with?

Fel. Alas, 'tis I have caus'd your Infamy;
My inconsiderate Passion has expos'd you.
What Madness mov'd me to reveal the fatal Secret!
Was that a Remedy! what could I intend,
What Consequence expect, but your Destruction!
O I can ne'er enough revenge it on my self,
Nor you enough reproach me!

Gram. Thou'rt not to blame.

Fel. Indeed I am; it was my Duty as your Wife,
Whate'er I suffer'd not to have accus'd you:
And as I lov'd, I shou'd have had no thought
Of my own Misery, whilst you were happy.

Gram. How can'st thou speak so kindly to a Man
That has undone thee! Thou do'st not sure look forward
On thy Ruine, or thou cou'dst ne'er forgive me:
Nay, by Heav'n's, it stains thy Virtue as I am now,
To use me with such Tendernefs.

Fel. Wou'd you not have me love you?

Gram. It is not for thy Honour to shew Affection
For one thou must despise: I will not let thee
Wrong thy self so much, but leave thee to reflect;
And thou wilt meet me next, as I deserve,
With Coldness, Anger, and Disdain.

Fel. Impossible — You are not going thus!

Gram. I shou'd, and thou shou'dst not retain me.

Fel. I wou'd retain thee ever.

Gram. O Felicia! —

Yet I will go — Look not so killing soft;
Think on thy Honour; think I am a Villain;
Learn to despise me; struggle with thy Heart;
Strive thy ill-plac'd Affection to remove,
As I now tear my self from all I love.

Fel. Is it a Fault to love him? If it be,
In punishing impute his Crime to me;
I'll pay for both a double Penalty,
However cruel Heaven intends his Share,
Beyond what Life, all, all that Love can bear.

[Ex. Gram.]

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[Ex. Fel.]

Scene Lamira's House. Lamira and Marian.

Lam. When will these struggling Passions cease to rage,
Anger and Love, Pity and Jealousie!

Whilst each are striving to possess me wholly,
They rend my Soul among 'em.

Mar. Neither must now have any share in it.
Since, Madam, you're resolv'd to leave the World,
Heav'n claims your Heart entire.

Lam. Yes, *Marian* ; I have vow'd my self to Heav'n,
The safe Retreat from Fears and vain Desires.
But something must be done to satisfy
The discontent of my disorder'd Thoughts,
That no unruly one may there disturb me.

Mar. The Place will be your Sanctuary from 'em,
A holy Cloister, Gates, shuts with the World
All human Passions and Reflections out.

Lam. What, can I there
Think tamely on my Injuries,
And be pleas'd the Villain 'scap'd unpunish'd ?

Mar. Do you imagine, Madam, then *Belgard*
Will not revenge you ?

Lam. Ha, *Belgard* !
Good Heav'n forbid ; his way wou'd be too fatal ;
Not clear my spotted Honour,
But stain it worse with Blood : A wicked Justice
To punish his, by a more horrid Crime.
I dread to think it ! *Belgard* is violent,
And may do sudden Mischief, if not hinder'd.

Mar. *Felicia* may perhaps have Power to calm
Her Brother's fierce Resentments ; she's mild enough,
Soon to forgive, and plead for him that wrong'd her.

Lam. *Felicia* plead ! *Felicia* save his Life !
And he be her Reward blest in each other !
O what a torturing Thought ! Can I endure it !
Nor Love nor Honour can.

Mar. You're neither pleas'd that he shou'd die, or live :
What way wou'd you dispose him ?

Lam. Rather to death than her. But there is yet
Something I wou'd be at, I know not how,
Scarce what. Ha, is't *Gramont* !
Com'st thou to insult o'er one whom thou hast ruin'd ?
Or think'st thou yet thy Baseness undiscover'd ?

Gram. Not to conceal, but to confess my Crime ;
Not to insult, but to implore forgiveness,
thus approach you.

Lam. How dar'st thou hope I can forgive such Wrongs ?

Gram. Unless your Goodness, Madam, hath shown
My Hopes has no Foundation :
I've nought to plead but what must more incense you,
If I say *Castalio's* Sufferings mov'd me,

[Enter Gramont.

Shou'd

Shou'd I to serve a Friend abuse your Love;
Or if I urge *Felicia's* dearer interest,
Th'excuse can but enflame your hatred to me.

Lam. Is it then so? Let me hear thee speak
Thy self a Villain, Is she your Wife?

Gra. To her Misfortune, and my Shame, she is.
Fool, not to think her happiness enough;
Whilst she was mine, how cou'd I fear to want it?

Lam. Tortures and Death! What brutal Insolence!
Gramont, it seems you came not to incite
My Pity, but my Vengeance.

Gra. Neither, Madam;
I am too guilty to deserve your Pity,
And need not urge Revenge, since you can have
No greater than I mean to give you soon;
I only beg your anger may 'nt survive me,
Or curse pursue me farther than the Grave.

Lam. Is it to hinder that you take such pains
To let me know to whom I owe my ruine,
That I may turn my Curses on *Felicia*?

Gra. Heav'n forbid! She's Innocent, and wrong'd
As much as you.

Lam. What are her wrongs? How offer'd to be nam'd with mine?
No, Traytor, thou may'st know mine are unequal'd,
When even thy Baseness cou'd not make 'em greater.

Gra. Madam, I think I had the power to wrong you more,
Which my not using may, I hope, in part
Atone, for what I did.

Lam. I know 'twas nor respect for me, nor Honour
Stopp'd thee in thy course of Mischief;
Thy Inclination lagg'd e're 'twas compleat,
Or thy firm Villany wou'd ne'er have fail'd thee.

Gra. Can there be such stupidity in Nature,
To be insensible to so much Beauty?

Lam. Ay, now thou hast it; Fawn, and Flatter well;
Daub o'er my Injuries with soothing words,
And make me take 'em all for Obligations;
Say how you Love; say with how much regret
You sacrific'd your wishes; Is it not thus?
Have not my Charms done wondrous execution?

Gra. Had not *Felicia* first——

Lam. No more; thou wilt not suffer me one moment
To forget that hated name, lest thou
Should'st be alone the Object of my rage;
But fear not, she shall share it.

Gram. O rather double it on me.

Lam. Fond, doting Fool,

Thou

Thou dost but shew me in thy care for her,
The near and surest way to thy Destruction,
And I will strike where I may wound thee deepest,
Add all the Fury of a slighted Rival,
To the calm justice of Revenge on thee.

Gram. Madam, I find whatever I can say,
But more foment your Anger, therefore leave you,
I go to satisfy your just resentment
But if my Death's too little to appease it,
Rather than punish others for my crime,
Still hate me, let your rage without controul,
Load me with Curses, till they sink my Soul.

[Exit Gramont.]

Lam. Perdition seize it; Despair
And all the Racks I feel revenge me on thee;
No fears, no tenderness, but for *Felicia*;
Is this the way t'appease my just resentment,
To tell me 'twas for love of her he wrong'd me.
There's then no other way to punish him
But by the loss of her. They must be parted——
Did I not order none shou'd be admitted?

[Enter Castalio.]

Mar. I did not hear you, Madam.

Lam. No matter, you might have thought it was not proper:

Cast. With all the awe of one that fears t'offend,
And knows not whether he offends or not,
I pay this Duty, impatient, and yet more
In dread to know my fate
From her that's Mistress of it.

Lam. Unseasonable importunity!
My Lord, I cannot think this meant to me,
I have no power, alas. not of my own,
Much less another's fate.

Cast. Your fate is Heav'n's care, and, Oh that mine
Were yours as much, as it as much is in your power.

Lam. You know not what you wish; but let it end,
'Tis a Discourse I'm not dispos'd to hear;
And if, my Lord, you value my repose,
You'll not pursue it further.

Cast. Then I am doom'd, Doom'd to Despair for ever,
Since but to hear of Love from me offends you.

Lam. From you, or any other, I hate the Name,
And fly from all that wear a Form of kindness,
For 'tis in that alone Men can deceive.

Cast. 'Tis oft indeed put on for a Disguise,
Yet must be worn by those who wou'd be known
For what they really are.

Lam. There's no Reality, no Truth in Man,
But where it most appears, and seems least feign'd;
'Tis there the Master-piece of Villain lies.

Cast.

Cast. You speak as if some one whom you had trusted
Had deceiv'd you.

Lam. Yes, I have been deceiv'd.

Cast. Who durst attempt it?

Lam. One in whom you, and all Mankind have been
Deceiv'd; O Traitor! Who cou'd have suspected
That modest shew of Honesty and Honour,
Exquisite, Finish'd, O ingrateful Villain!

Cast. The thought disorders you, it must be sure
Somewhat of weight, that can transport you thus.

Lam. I had forgot my self—

'Tis true, I have some cause to be disturb'd,
But pardon me that I so ill acquit my self
Of the respect I owe you, thus to expose it.

Cast. Madam I'll take my leave if I constrain you,
But wish you could esteem me worth your trust,
As one by whom all your concerns are held,
More than in equal ballance with his own.

Lam. What use of Friendship, Trust, or to complain
Of Injuries for which there's no redress?

Cast. There's then Revenge.

Lam. But that you cannot give.

Cast. I think I shall not boast to say, there's no one
In your Cause shall dare beyond me.
Speak who the Traitor is that has abus'd you;
And if to do you Justice

There be an Obstacle, or Danger I refuse
T'encounter, let me be branded for a Coward

Lam. There is an Obstacle has greater force
Than any Danger can, 'tis one you love,
Whom if I nam'd you wou'd not credit me;
One you esteem your Friend, your nearest Friend.

Cast. My Friend! Who durst usurp that sacred name,
And injure me where I'm most sensible;
This gives me double right to seek revenge:

You must not, will not now conceal him from me.

Lam. E're long the publick Rumour will inform you,
This curst adventure will be blaz'd among'em;
I shall be made the common Theme and Mirth,
My Honour lie at every whisperers mercy,
That's pleas'd to pass his censure on my conduct.

Cast. Permit me then to ask it from your self,
That if I hear rash tongues too bold with it,
I may with more assurance vindicate you.

Lam. 'Tis the most strange unhappy Story, so full
Of Baseness, heightned with all the aggravations
Of vilest Treachery and Ingratitude,

For he had such endearing obligations,
I hazarded my Ruine, all for him,
O'er-ru'd by a destructive Passion, nay 'twas Madness,
The blot of Life, and stain of all my glory.

Cast. Was he below'd; and yet cou'd injure you!
How? In what Nature? 'Twas impossible
For one so blest, not to return affection.

Lam. Wou'd that were all his crime, but he has basely
Deceiv'd, Abus'd, wrong'd me in such a Nature, ———
I cannot speak it ——— Conscious of my folly,
For I have been as weak, as he perfidious,
Press me no further to declare my shame.

Cast. Then name the Traytor to me, and I will tear
The Secret from his Heart, with Life extort it.

Lam. A Villain's Life's too mean a Sacrifice;
No, let me think ——— Somewhat I had design'd
Of lasting torment suited to his Crime ———
That first I'll try; but if without success,
May use your Friendship,
Till when, I beg you will enquire no further.

Cast. Madam I must obey, and will no longer
Trouble you in this Disorder, but when you are pleas'd
To let me know the Man you have been deceiv'd in,
You shall have proof

My Soul disdains all Friendship with a Traytor.

Lam. Yes, thou shalt live, to see thy self abandon'd,
And taste with me the Pangs of hopeless Love.
That one who cou'd be guilty of this Baseness,
Shou'd know to love with such Fidelity!

O what a Happiness to possess that Heart,
So fond, so true! Cou'd it have first been mine!
What full delights has not *Felicia* known?

Eternal woes succeed 'em; be they remember'd

But to encrease the Curse of Deprivation,
The stings of Shame, and causeless Jealousie
Sharpen the Pains of everlasting absence

That I decree 'em; *Bellgard* must be advis'd with,

And won, if I have any power with him,

To set his Rage the Bounds I have giv'n mine,

I'd not be cruel, nor too tamely bear;

Both the Extreame are shun'd in this Design,

And therefore 'tis but just to hope success;

What can Revenge, Honour, and Love, have less?

[Exit Castalio.

[Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Felicia alone.

Distracted with some dismal apprehension,
In vain I seek for Ease to change the Prospect;
What ever way I turn my roving thoughts,
'Tis still but a new Scene of Milery:
Were my *Gramont* safe from my Brother's rage
And the World's censure, 'twere yet impossible
Ever to reconcile him to himself.

[Enter Bell. and Lam.]

Lam. Whate'er can satisfie my injur'd Honour,
May well, *Bellgard*, be thought for yours sufficient.

Bell. I don't dispute it, Madam.

Lam. Nor do you grant it.

Bell. Honour gives different Laws to different Sexes;
Mine says this Sword alone can do me justice.

[Apart.]

Feli. What can this unexpected Visit mean?

Lam. You seem to take me for an Enemy,
Perhaps you look on me with Rival's Eyes,
But I am come in Friendship.

Feli. 'Tis what, indeed, I did not hope, and scarce dare credit.

Lam. You're Innocent to me, as I to you,
Tho' both each others chief unhappiness;
But there's another guilty cause of that;
Him only we should hate, let us be Friends;
Disgusted with the World, I have resolv'd
The short remainder of this wretched Life,
To be a strict Recluse by Holy Vows,
And leave to you, *Felicia*, the Possession
Of all that Fortune I am Mistress of.

Feli. This is amazing, Madam! How have I
Deserv'd from you such kindness?

Lam. Your Merit is unquestion'd, and to me
You are a near Relation;
My Gift is only charg'd with one Condition,
The same I have impos'd upon my self,
That you shall never see *Gramont* again,
In which I have consulted both our Honours.

Feli. It were not much, indeed, for yours to see him;
But what in you is Virtue, wou'd in me,
Who am his Wife, be Impious.

Lam. Not since he first has broke his Faith with you;
By that you are absolv'd.

G

Fel.

Fel. The Marriage-Vows are not conditional;
The Tye's as strong, my Duty still the same,
Howe'er he fail in his

Lam. It can't oblige you to depend on one,
Who wants assistance to support himself.

Feli. Yes, Madam, I must share my Husband's Fate,
However wretched:

When he's depriv'd of every other Comfort,
In that Extremity he'll need me most.

Bell. And think'st thou he shall keep thee; be advis'd,
Felicia, you may lose him on worse terms.

Feli. To me all terms in losing him are equal.

Lam. She dotes upon him.

Bell. Infamously dotes.

I tell thee, by my Honour, thou shalt lose
Both him, and me, wander where-e'er thou canst
I will not know thee in the last distress:

And for thy Villain, Husband——

Fel. Let him but wander with me, I ask no more;
And we will take our weary steps somewhere remote,
Where we can ne'er be more a Burthen to you,
Nor shall you ever hear that there is such
A wretched pair in being.

Bell. Do not hope it; for by my Life I swear,
If thou dar'st now refuse to abandon him,
Where-e'er you think to fly from my resentment,
There's not a Place so distant can contain you,
But I'll pursue you to, and tear thee from him.

Fel. Do you grudge us ev'n Misery together?

Lam. Together! 'Tis a Word, tho' join'd with Death,
I cannot hear thee Name. Madam, accept
My offer'd Friendship, or you shall find
I can resent the slight, and if provok'd,
Am not a despicable Enemy.

Fel. Your hate can execute no worse
Than what in Friendship's Name you have propos'd,
For 'tis the utmost Fate can do against me.

Bell. Shameless creature, to confess this fondness
For a Man thou know'st to be a Villain.

Fel. Alas! what fondness? Have I ask'd ought for him
But what the worst of Enemies in malice
Wou'd condemn him to?
To taste the Bitterness of Poverty,
Roving like Vagabonds about the World,
For ever banish'd from our Country, Friends,
And all we hold most dear.

Lam. But one another, there you expect to find

An ample recompence for all you lose,
And be instead of all the World to him ;
Is that a State for such a Criminal ?
What satisfaction to my injur'd love ?
No, he shall share the Torments he has caus'd,
Languish in fruitless wishes, curst with Despair,
Eternally depriv'd of all he loves ;
Oh I have felt, and know 'tis Death, 'tis Hell,
That, That's a Vengeance fit for me to take,
Tho' much too gentle for the Traytor's crime.

Fel. How has he merited such Cruelty ?
Had he last night when all was in his power,
Taken advantage of consenting love
On your unguarded Honour, this Resentment
Wou'd well become you then, and were but just ;
You know how far he was from such a Thought.

Lam. Then he boasts, and maks a Merit of it
To my Rival.

Fel. I thought it one to you,
It seems you do not.

Lam. No, since 'twas meant a Sacrifice to thee,
Ev'n Honour is my scorn when I must owe it
To that blind Dotage which I see thee proud of.
But tho' thou triumph'st now, know, Rival, know,
That stupid Constancy in ill-plac'd Love,
E'er long to both, the greatest curse shall prove.

Bell. I'll attend you, Madam, to the Count *Roque-laures*.
Now hear inglorious Girl, mark my last words,
Thy Obstinacy but confirms my Hate,
Undoes thy self, and wings thy Husband's Fate.

Fel. O do not go thus cruelly resolv'd !
Stay, Brother, on my bended knees I beg you ;
Cannot these trembling hands awhile retain you ;
Give but some days to a poor Sisters tears,
But till the fierceness of your Rage abate ;
Till you can calmly weigh the wrong he's done,
With all the Miseries that led him to it ;
O think what wou'd become of you your self,
If Heav'n were thus severe for every fault committed,
And as you hope for mercy from above,
Now shew it to a Brother's first offence.

Bell. To one that Heav'n detests ! No, may I ne'er
Find Mercy there, if ever I forgive him.

Fel. He's bent on Death, and nothing can avert it ;
I've done, and here will lye to wait the wound
That through *Gramoni's*, will shortly pierce this Heart :

[Exit with *Lam.*

I shall behold him soon, Stabb'd, Mangled, Murder'd.
 O barbarous Brother ! O Gramont—— He's lost,
 I ne'er shall see him more, but Cold and Ghastly;
 Breathing his last, and weltring in his Blood,
 Then there's an end of all my Miseries,
 For that I can't out-live : O must I live to see it !

[Weeps.]

Enter Gramont.

Gra. Upon the Floor ! O most afflicting sight !
 Thither the weight of Woes I've heap'd upon thee
 Has press'd thee down ; this is a Scene of sadness
 More expressive, than the most moving words.
 Why art thou thus, Felicia ? Thou should'st not so
 Indulge thy griefs, be calm and well consider,
 As now thy Circumstances are, what way
 May best be thought to make thee least unhappy :

Fel. There's not a Medium :

I can have no Misfortunes if I've you,
 Nor ever think of Happiness without you.

Gra. Alas, Felicia !

Fel. You pity me, as if
 You knew how cruelly I have been us'd,
 How deaf my Brother is to all my Prayers.

Gra. Do not offend him, there is hopes, my Love,
 When I am gone, he'll still be careful of thee.

Fel. Gone ! Then you can think of going from me ;
 Of leaving your Felicia.

Gra. In Life I ne'er can leave thee ;
 And there's not a Pain in Death, but that.

Fel. You speak, methinks, as one resolv'd on Death !
 Must you conspire too with those that hate me ?

Gra. Thou'st cause to wish, I'd dy'd before thou knew'st me.

Fel. I cou'd not then have felt the loss,
 But now the very fear is insupportable ;
 'Twas that had fill'd my bursting heart o'erwhelm'd,
 And laid me on the Earth, as now you found me :
 And 'tis the only blow of fate, I have not strength to bear.

Gra. How can I hear thee speak so tenderly,
 And think I have undone thee ! O Felicia !
 Thy love gives double weight to my afflictions :
 What is there shou'd induce me then to live ?

Fel. If you have any love for me, the Thought
 How miserable I shall be without you.

Gra. I know too well thy tenderness of Nature,
 Know I am too much lov'd ; but thou may'st learn
 By thy unhappy Husband, there's not a State
 So miserable, but may with greater ease
 Be suffer'd, than Dishonour ; would'st thou not blush

To live with one distrust'd, shunn'd and look'd on
As a Knave by all Mankind? Can I,
Or wou'dst thou have me bear it?

Fel. I cou'd for you:

The World's Opinion wou'd not weigh with me
Against your least disturbance.

Gram. Why will you plead so earnestly a Cause,
In which if you believ'd you cou'd prevail,
You wou'd your self despise me?

Fel. There was a time

When I might be assur'd I shou'd prevail;
When the least shew of Discontent from me,
Had power to shake your firmest Resolution;
But then you lov'd me.

Gram. Do I not love you!

Fel. You see me drown'd in Tears, o'erwhelm'd in Grief;
Hear me implore, and bare it all unmov'd!

Gram. Unmov'd! You know not what a War you've rais'd within me:
There's not a word you speak, but wou'd o'ercome me;
But when I think thou'lt share in my Disgrace——
For that I know thy Love wou'd make thee do.

Fel. No, no, *Gramont*, were your Concern for me,
'Twou'd most be shewn where I am most concern'd;
But there you are insensible, or think not,
Or care not, what I shall suffer.

Gram. O 'tis a Thought divides me from my self,
Staggers my Resolution, makes me wish
The greatest Curse, that thou cou'dst hate thy Husband;
Every, every way; I must undo thee;
'Tis only left me now to chuse the noblest,
And that shou'd be endur'd with least Affliction.

Fel. You've found the way indeed to shorten mine;
Already your Unkindness breaks my Heart!

Gram. Thou art unkind to use such wounding words,
That know'st my Heart too tender to endure it.
What wou'dst thou have me do?

Fel. O what indeed! For what shou'd I intreat,
Now all that soft, that dear Affection's lost,
That once cou'd have deny'd *Felicia* nothing!
What have I more to lose?

Gram. I can deny thee nothing: where wilt thou lead me!
Ev'ry Tear thou shed'st draws with it my Heart's Blood;
Rather than see thee thus, I'd bear with Life,
With Infamy: Must I, *Felicia*? Shall I?

Fel. Nothing for me; I am not worth your Care,
And Death will quickly free me from my Woes.

Gram. Thou art my only Care; take, take me to thy Bosom,

There

There hide me from my Shame, and from my self; but let me never think
Do with me what thou wilt, but let me never think

Fel. Wou'd you forsake these Arms,
That tremble with delight whilst they embrace thee?

Gram. Talk on, and let me gaze on thee for ever,
Till I forget there's ought on Earth besides,
And thou art Goodness, all, all Joy and Blessings.

Fel. Wou'd you forget there's ought on Earth but me?
Then sure you cou'd for me forsake the rest:

Cou'd you for ever leave the busie World,
To seek with me some unknown, distant Refuge,

Whither the Ills we fear can ne'er pursue us?
Gram. Alas, thou talk'st but as thy Love wou'd have it;

Thou know'st too well it is not in my Power.
Fel. Had I not thought it was, I shou'd not have propos'd it.

Gram. Cou'd I provide thee even but the bare
Necessities of Nature, what's beyond,

I know thy generous Kindness well could spare:
But can I take thee hence to see thee parish,

Under the Extremities of griping Wants
Thou hast not felt, and can'st not apprehend

The smallest of those Hardships, to which thou wou'dst expose
Thy tender Body, does far surpass thy Strength?

Fel. Love will supply my Strength; and as I can,
I'll labour for our Food, or beg an Alms;

And we shall find some friendly Barn to shelter us
At night, whilst we repose our weary Limbs:

But cou'd you, my Grammer, endure your share?
And if the Product of our Toils falls short,

Take cheerfully the Scraps of Charity?
Sometimes perhaps your Sleep may be disturb'd

By a poor hungry Infant's Cries; cou'd you
With patience bear it? Cou'd you in such a state

Find any Joy in me? Wou'd you not leave me,
Leave me, and my poor Condition? — My Love,

Why this? The Tears are starting at your Eyes!
Gram. Is this thy Fate at last, and must I see thee

Suffer all the Miseries; which when
I did but fear, for thee, o'ercame my Virtue!

'Twas this Idea, and have I brought 'em on thee!
Made thy Ruine more inevitable!

Give me Patience, Heaven; that I shou'd force thee
To this wretched state!

Fel. 'Tis my choice;
I have preferr'd it to a splendid Fortune,

Which now is offer'd me.
Gram. What Fortune? Or how offer'd?

Fel. Lamira's; she leaves the World, and wou'd have brib'd me
With her trifling Gift to part with you.

Gram. Did you refuse it?

Fel. Cou'd I do otherwise?

Gram. 'Twas reproaching me, did you not then think?
By Heav'n I know you did. With scorn you thought
This was the Bait, this Bait which I despise,
'Twas that seduc'd my Husband.

Fel. Not from your Faith to me; that you preserv'd;
Tho' by provoking her you hazarded
The loss ev'n of the Bait that tempted you.
Have I done more for you?

Gram. Yet there's a cause
That will induce you to accept the Offer;
Your Son, *Felicia*, he must perish else?

Fel. He must submit to share his wretched Parents Fate.

Gram. His Fate is yet more cruel! I durst not tell thee,
Loth to increase the Sorrows that too deeply pierc'd thee;
But since 'tis in thy power to redeem him—

Fel. Redeem him!

Gram. From Pirates hands: But yesterday
The fatal News was brought me.

Fel. O 'tis too much!

Gram. Weep not, but think how thou may'st ransom him.

Fel. Alas, have I thee means?

Gram. Thou may'st: But I, I always am an Obstacle,
Where any Good's propos'd. Turn, turn, *Felicia*,
All thy Tenderness, upon that dear,
Innocent part of me; thou dost misplace it here.

Fel. At any other rate I wou'd preserve him;
But in exchange for you, he's only dear to me,
As he is yours.

Gram. Then as he's mine, I beg thee to relieve him.

Fel. O 'tis the strongest Trial! But to part with you,
That, that's the hard Condition! Impossible!
Is there no other hope? no way to free him?
Somewhat I must endeavour; perhaps your Father
May compassionate his Innocence.
Tho' his unhappy Parents have offended.

Gram. Try, my *Felicia*, if there's any mixture
Of the least Tenderness in his hard Nature,
Thou hast Power to extract it.

Fel. E're this he knows our Marriage,
Thither *Lamira* going hence intended.

Gram. Then haste, my Love, before th'impression ta'en
From her Repentment, strike too deep for thee to efface.

Fel. I will, but dare I leave you: Will you promise,
Till my return, to shun my Brother's sight?

Gram. What need of Promises? Thou know'st thy Power.

Fel. May I rely upon your Love?

Gram. Thou wouldst, if thou couldst know with what reluctance
I now part with thee, scarce could it be
More sensible, if we were ne'er to meet again.

Fel. Perhaps we never may.

Gram. Why saidst thou that?

Thy sad foreboding Words stuck to my Heart
As if Fate had pronounc'd 'em.

Fel. Then I fear

Fate has indeed pronounc'd 'em.

Gram. We'll disappoint it,

Cling to each other thus, and never part.

Fel. We shall not at this rate; unless you throw me
From your Arms, I have not power to leave 'em.

Gram. No, thou shalt not.

Fel. Is then your Son forgot?

Gram. Alas, my Child! it will be so; 'tis vain
To strive, for Destiny's irrevocable.

Fel. And we must part.

Gram. But must I lose thee too!

Fel. If Destiny will have it.

Gram. Thou'rt gone!

Fel. O my Gramont!

Gram. Farewel.

Fel. I fear for ever.

[Ex. Fel.]

Gram. For ever! Never see thee! O Felicia!

[Enter Castalio.]

Castalio! the Man I most wou'd shun:

How shall I look on him, or how receive him!

Cast. This is beyond my hope: I came to ask
Where I might find my Friend, and I have met thee.

Let me embrace thee, give thee thy *Castalio*,
Thine my *Gramont*; for 'tis from thee I hold
My Freedom, Life, and Honour, I've nothing that's my own,
Nothing of worth but what I owe to thee.

Gram. My Lord, you owe me nothing.

Cast. Is this the way to meet my clasping Arms?
You answer too with an unusual Strangeness,
And wrong me with a Title less than Friend,
The only one I glory in.

Gram. Yet 'tis the only one dishonours you.

Cast. To be call'd your Friend?

Gram. When you know me, you will disdain the Name.

Cast. 'Tis therefore I am fond of it, because I know you.

Gram. For what I seem'd; but till this day I never
Rightly knew my self.

Cast. I know you better than you do your self.

Gram. Do you know me for a vile, a coward Wretch,
That dare not look Ill Fortune in the Face,
And only sides with Honour till Interest clashes with it.

Cast.

Cass. You give me the Reverse of what you are.

Gram. I said you did not know me.

Cass. Not in that Character.

I know you firm to Honour, have seen you dare

The worst of Fortunes, Malice: It's not for Honour

You have now incur'd a Father's Anger,

And expos'd your self to all the Ruine

That must follow it.

Gram. Perhaps that was my Mind of yesterday,

I may have chang'd it since; rely on no Man;

He that this Hour is honest, the next may be a Villain.

Cass. I think you're chang'd indeed; your Words are wild,

Your Looks disorder'd; Heav'n preserve your Reason.

Gram. Heav'n rather take it from me: 'Tis the best will

For me, unless I could recall the past:

There's nothing now in future Fate but Madness

Can give me any ease.

Cass. It greives my Soul to hear you! Have better Hopes,

I may have power to serve you; why thus reserv'd?

We've us'd with Friendship to beguile our Griefs,

Whilst we discharg'd 'em on each others Breast.

Gram. Let me forget I ever had your Friendship,

'Tis now the greatest Torment of my Thoughts,

When you no more can cheer or pity me,

Can be that Friend no more.

Cass. Not less a Friend for being more unhappy,

I'm still the same to you.

Gram. Oh, O *Cassio*! were I still the same!

But now——

Cass. What now?

Gram. Spare me this Heav'n; drive me where I may ne'er

Behold this Man, and let me be expos'd

The publick Scorn, mark'd out for Infamy,

And hooted by the gaping multitude,

Not all the Ignominy th' united World

Could heap on me, wou'd half so much confound me

As but to look on him, and think what once

I was in his esteem, and O what now I am!

Cass. Am I so dreadful! Trust me I'll use you gentlier,

Than you wou'd your self; what is't you labour with?

Shall I assist you in the Pang of Birth?

Somewhat you've done amiss which you repent of;

Let me be Judge, for you are too severe;

I know you ever wou'd condemn your self

With strictest Rigour for the smallest Frailties.

Gram. Is't me you speak of?

Fatal Friendship.

- Cast.* I've chid you oft, and yet I love you for it.
- Gram.* And wou'd you then have thought I could commit the basest, meanest, the most treacherous Action?
- Cast.* Impossible.
- Gram.* I thought so too; it seems we were mistaken.
- Cast.* What have you done? I have a Friend's Concern, And ought to know it.
- Gram.* Indeed I don't deserve your least Concern; But for your Peace of Mind inquire no further; Believe I am unworthy of your Friendship, And think of me no more; but if you hear my Name, Avoid the Story that must follow it; For you wou'd hate your self, if you should know How ill you had plac'd your Kindness.
- Cast.* You make me still More eager to enquire; by our past Friendship, I conjure you tell me, your Heart seems bursting With the fatal Secret, and yet you will not vent it.
- Gram.* Can you not guess?
- Cast.* I cannot; nor let me longer Importune to learn it from your self.
- Gram.* Have you not some remembrance what yesterday I said my Father had propos'd?
- Cast.* Which you refus'd?
- Gram.* Perhaps I did not.
- Cast.* Did not what?
- Gram.* I mean what was not in your power to accept.
- Cast.* What's that?
- Gram.* The Marriage.
- Cast.* Why not in my power?
- Gram.* Because it wou'd have been the highest Baseness.
- Cast.* Are base things never done?
- Gram.* You could not do it.
- Cast.* O Friend!
- Gram.* I'll not believe it.
- Cast.* You think too well of me.
- Gram.* I'm sorry for't.
- Cast.* Now then you know me rightly.
- Gram.* Cou'd you—
- Cast.* Urgenot my Crime against me, it needs not; Your awful Vestue checks, and strikes me deeper Than your Reproaches can.
- Cast.* I've thought too far; it can't be yet complicated; You've only giv'n Hopes you wou'd comply, Perhaps a Promise.

Gram. 'Tis done; less had not gain'd my end,
Which partly is accomplish'd; you are free;
I had no other means of serving you.

Cast. And did you think I priz'd my Honour less
Than Liberty, that I wou'd have it purchas'd
On dishonest Terms? You know *Cassio*
As little as I have hitherto known you.

Gram. In what I did, I gratify'd my self,
Nor aim'd I at Acknowledgments from you.

Cast. You might have made your own Advantages;
But what had I to do with your mean Tricks?
Was't not enough I suffer'd in my Friendship,
But you must undermine my Honour too,
And draw me for the Prize of Villany?
I'll not endure it.

Gram. All the Dishonour's mine.

Cast. Can I share the Profit, and not the Infamy?
Who is there seeing me enjoy this Freedom,
That will not think I'm pleas'd, say, was a Accomplice
In the Guilt that wrought it? The Air I breathe,
The every Step I tread reproaches me,
The Terms on which 'twas gain'd, 'twas basely done.

Gram. There's not a Term that's vile enough for me;
But 'twas a Villany too much my own
To reach your Fame. How could you be a Accomplice?
Nor is it known what means was us'd to free you:
It can't reflect on you.

Cast. It shall not;
I disdain t'accept inglorious Liberty:
Take back the shameful Ransom; I'll to Prison,
And resume my Chains; bestow the Purchase
Of your Treachery on Knaves, I'll none of it.

Gram. Stay, stay, my Lord, there's yet a surer way
To clear your Fame, the Blood of him that stain'd it:
Take, take my Life, 'tis a just Sacrifice,
You owe it to your self, to Honour,
And the Name of Friend so long abus'd.

Cast. Is this the Man
I call'd my Friend! And was I thus deceiv'd!
I find indeed *Lamira* well observ'd,
There's the least Truth, where most it does appear.
Ha! that thought has rous'd one that alarms my Heart;
She said 'twas one esteem'd my Friend that wrong'd her;
Is't possible that he, the Man whom I
Preferr'd to all the World, shou'd be ordain'd
The Ruine of the only thing besides
That cou'd be dear to me!

Gram. What said you, do you love her?

Cast. Whom, what her? 'Tis not *Lamira* thou'lt abus'd.

Gram. Nothing but this cou'd aggravate my Crime,
Or my Remorse; and was it wanting, Heav'n!

Must every Blow which I, or Fate strikes for me,
Fall heavier still on him! Why, why is this!

Cast. That I alone may have the right of Vengeance,
Which now my Injuries are ripe for: Traitor,
Defend thy Life.

Gram. A Traitor's is not worth defending;
Freely I resign it; 'tis a Burthen

Which I wou'd bless the Hand that frees me from.

Cast. Coward, thou wou'lt preserve it; thou know'st I scorn
To take it thus unguarded.

Gram. You ought to take it as a Criminal's;
Nor dare I lift my Hand against a Man

Whom I have so much wrong'd, as if I meant
To justify my Baseness.

Cast. 'Tis all the Satisfaction thou canst make,
And I demand it of thee.

Gram. My Life I offer,
I open to your Point, and stand your Justice.

Cast. Is't thus you shou'd maintain a Lady's Favour?
Not with this Coldness you receiv'd her Kindness,
Whilst in her Arms you revell'd. Death and Hell!
That such a Villain shou'd, tho' but one Moment,
Be possess'd of all that Bliss! O 'tis a Heav'n to think,
And 'twas all his, all the transporting Beauties
In his Power! Curst, torturing Thought!

Gram. You causelessly torment yourself: I've not possess'd.

Cast. How's that? You said you had marry'd her.

Gram. 'Tis true; last night.

Cast. And not possess'd! Come, doubly damn thyself,
Forswear the Wickedness thou hast committed;
Swear thou hast not enjoy'd her.

Gram. I swear by all things Sacred.

Cast. Thou'rt perjur'd.

Gram. May then the Perjury be ne'er forgiv'n,
If I have falsly sworn.

Cast. What cou'd prevent it?

'Tis unusual to leave a Bride
Upon the Wedding-night. Where were you then?
For I must know the truth.

Gram. With her.

Cast. Do you trifle with me?

Gram. No; what I have sworn, is truth.

Cast. Cou'd she be so reserv'd not to consent

When it might bear the Colour of a Duty ?

Impossible !

Gra. I did not ask.

Cass. That's more impossible ;

Do not abuse me

With a soothing Tale ;

I am too much concern'd to be impos'd on,

And be assur'd will clear to the least doubt ;

Answer me then, what hinder'd you to ask ?

Gra. My guilt already hung too heavy on me.

Cass. But how ? On what pretence ? How wou'd she bear the slight ?

Once more I say, I will not be deceiv'd ;

Therefore 'twere vain t'attempt it ———

But now I will be calm, and as a Friend,

Conjure you tell me punctually what pass'd.

Gra. I made some weak excuses, which, at first,

She seem'd to take, till having further prov'd

With little Arts the temper of my heart,

She imputed it to indifference for her,

Then grew suspicious of some prepossession

To which she thought her self a Sacrifice ;

Some words that slip't from me confirm'd her in it,

And work'd her to a Rage, in which she left me.

Cass. And did you calmly, firmly, stand all this !

Th'insinuations of her softer Passion,

Her pangs in Jealousie, and her Resentment,

What Man cou'd have the force !

Gra. 'Twas your good Genius, doubtless, gave it me,

I have nothing of my own, but Weakness, Baseness.

Cass. This were enough to cancel yet a Greater,

To see her in the height of all her charms,

Loos'd to Love, and languishing desire,

And not be tempted ! By Heav'n, I think I had

My self been lost ; not all my Honour cou'd

Have guarded me against so strong a Trial ;

Instead of the Reproaches I design'd,

I must confess an awful Admiration,

Amaz'd and conscious of superior Virtue.

Gra. What Virtue was't in me ? I look'd not on her

With a Lover's Eyes : O that I had known you did,

But I was never worthy of your trust.

Cass. Fearful of my success, I wou'd have hid

My weakness from my self, yet in the hopes

Bellgard might influence her, to him alone

I ventur'd to disclose it.

Gra. To *Bellgard* !

Cass. He promis'd to assist me with his Interest.

Gra.

Gra. To assist you !

Cast. You know his Power with her.

Gra. Too well I know it ; 'twas he propos'd, nay urg'd
This Fatal Marriage, which but for him

Wou'd never have been thought on.

Cast. Is't possible ?

Gra. Most true.

Cast. Perfidious ! *Bellgard*, You have betray'd me basely. [Enter *Bellgard*.

Bel. Betray'd you !

Cast. Basely I laid, and thus maintain it ; Draw.

Bel. I scorn a Baseness ; You tax me most Unjustly.

Cast. Then right your self.

Bel. My Sword wou'd be employ'd

Much better to my choice, against that Villain.

Cast. If Villain be the Mark, mine is as well directed.

Bel. Ha !

Cast. Were you not Instrumental in his Marriage ?

You press'd it on ; nay, were the first Proposer.

Bel. I was ; but knew I then——

Cast. You knew enough

To make it a base Injury to me,

If you dare vindicate the Treachery ;

Guard well your Life, for that must answer it.

Bel. What I have done will bear a calmer Test ;

I wou'd be justifi'd, for yet I'm tame.

Cast. Say rather, thou'rt a Coward.

Bel. Provoke me not,

Or to your cost you'll find I am no Coward.

Cast. I've found you to my cost a Viler thing ;

Dissembling, False, and Faithless to your trust.

Bel. As free from either as your self, *Castalio*.

Cast. He that dares say it, Lies.

Bel. Nay then——

Gra. *Bellgard* !

Castalio ! What means this Rashness ? Am not I

The Cause of your Debate ; the fittest object

Of your rage ? On me your Points shou'd turn ;

Or hear at least what each has to alledge ;

My Lord, I beg you hold.

Cast. You have your wish.

Gra. By all my Crimes, this cursed Hand has struck him !

Cast. Methinks I feel 'tis too the hand of Fate ;

It seems to have reach'd at Life.

Gra. Heav'n forbid !

But is it to be doubted ? Did I e're

Endeavour the prevention of an Ill,

But I became the Cause, and made it surer ?

[*Bell.* Draws. They fight,

Gra. interposes.

[*Gra.* accidentally

wounds *Cast.*

Bell.

Fatal Friendship.

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Bel. A Curse attends the best designs of wicked Men,
And didst thou hope to prosper?

Gra. Castalio! I have kill'd him; my blood is chill'd
With horror of the Deed;
Now is it time

To sink me to th'abyss? Or I have yet
More mischiefs to perform?

Bel. No, 'tis thy last;

But I must clear my self to you, *Castalio*;
Then for Revenge. Be witness for me Heav'n,

That I not only did acquit my self

With honour of the Trust reposed in me,

But with the Zeal of a most hearty Friend;

Nor ceas'd I till *Lamira* had declar'd

She never cou'd return your Love, and own'd

Her folly there.

Cast. *Gramont* has every way been my destruction:

Gra. What a Heart-breaking sound! Was it for this
You sav'd my Life? Is this the best return

A Friend cou'd make? Happy for both you had

Been less a Friend, then you had liv'd to bless

Mankind, and I had dy'd without their Curse,

And all this weight of guilt upon my head:

But blood atones for blood, it shall be so.

O 'tis too sure! Life staggers in his Eyes!

Yet, yet support it, one moment to behold

A Justice done you.

Bel. 'Tis well thought on; haste then to give it him.

[Offering to fight.]

Gra. No more of that; you said I had done already

My last Mischief; now for the first good Action

Of my Life, this to *Castalio's* Wrong.

[Stabs himself just as

Cast. 'Tis too much.

Rogelaure, Lam.

Fel. O Heav'n!

and *Felicia* enter.

Lam. Desperate remorse!

Rog. O my Son!

Fel. Now you are satisfy'd, now you have kill'd him

Inhumane Brother, Tygers, Murderers, Devils!

Gra. O my Dear! Thy Grief's my sharpest wound:

Fel. Is this the Promise you in parting made me!

Gra. Look there, and tell thy self if I could keep it.

Fel. *Castalio* Dying!

Gra. Murder'd by this hand.

Cast. An Accidental blow.

Rog. Unhappy Son, of a more wretched Father!

Gra. My Lord, a Dying Son dares ask forgiveness—

[Enter Bern.]

Bernardo! Thou art come to imp my ascending prayers

With juster Imprecations: behold what I have done.

Bern.

Bern. O my dear Lord !

Casf. If thou hast lov'd me, exprefs it not in grieving,
But in endeavouring to defend my Fame
Against the Malice of my Enemies.

Bern. It needs not, the General's treachery is detected
By those he had suborn'd, and he disgrac'd,
A Messenger is from the King arriv'd,
Inviting both *Gramont* and you to Court,
With high Expressions of his Royal Favour;
And offers of what Satisfaction you demand
For all your Injuries.

Casf. Bear him my dying thanks ; now I am ready :
'Tis enough my Honour will survive me,
And I was born to dye.

Gra. O what a Wretch was I, that cou'd not wait
Heav'n's time ; the Providence that never fails
Those who dare trust it, durst I have been honest,
One day had chang'd the Scene, and made me happy.
But O your Son, *Felicia* !

Rog. I'll take him to my care.
I've been to blame in using thee so harshly ;
But all that's thine shall find my kindness doubled ;
Felicia's now my Daughter, as thy Wife,
She shall be dearest to me.

Gra. Then all my cares are ended. Be happy, my *Felicia*,
If thou'dst have thy Husband's Spirit rest.

Rog. He's gone for ever !

Fel. O ! O ! *Rog.* 'Tis Heav'n's will, my Child — Some help the swoons.

Lam. How tenderly she lov'd him, poor *Felicia* !

Rog. Pity from one who needs it more her self !
What Reparation can be made, *Lamira* ?

Lam. The World can make me none ; there's nothing here
But a Vicissitude of Miseries :

If there is any Joy that's permanent,
It must be in that calm, that heavenly State,
To which my future days are dedicated.

Bell. 'Tis the best Asylum for humane Frailty,
Of which *Gramont* is a most strange Example,
He was by Nature Honest, Just, and Brave,
In many Trials shew'd a steady Virtue ;
Yet by one sharp Assault at last was vanquish'd ;
None know their Strength, let the most Resolute
Learn from this Story to distrust themselves,
Nor think by Fear the Victory less sure,
Our greatest Danger's, when we're most secure.

EPILOGUE,

Spoke by M^{rs} Barry.

First Ladies I am sent to you, from whom
Our Author hopes a favourable Doom,
As Friends to Virtue, since 't'as been her End
Vice to discourage, Virtue recommend;
You've seen reveng'd an injured Woman's Cause,
And to such Justice can't deny Applause,
Felicia too expects you should approve
A Wife's Fidelity, and Tender Love;
Protect her Character as you'd be thought
The Bright Originals from which 'twas wrought.
Next to the Men I come, but cannot plead
Your likeness as a motive to succeed,
We rather hope none here will be offended
Because none here cou'd think himself himself intended;
Not one of you so fully wou'd slight
A yielding Fair, at least not the first night,
You cou'd not have the hearts, nor I believe
Wou'd you to such a height as be deserving,
'T'wou'd startle you no doubt, for not to wrong yet,
One Wife is thought too much by most among gee.
Since I have done you justice, be this Day
As just to us in censuring our Play,
Not with Grimace, and words all noise, and Huff,
Damn it, a Woman's! that must needs be Stuff;
At Reason's Great Tribunal she'd appear,
Tho' she has most from her decree to fear,
But so condemn'd, conscious of Justice done,
Perhaps she'll mend, at least her faults she'll own.
If they are such as care may well correct,
No pains to please you better she'll neglect,
But if what she believes Postich Rage,
Is found th' infection of a Scribling Age,
For ever she'll forsake the Darling Stage.

The

BOOKS Printed for *Francis Saunders*, at the
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Horace of the Art of Poetry, made English by the Earl of
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several other Poems by the Earls of *Rochester* and *Orrery*, Sir *Charles*
Sedley, Sir *George Escheridge*, the Right Honourable Mr. *Montagu*,
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